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KEITH HUFNAGEL
MURDERS
POP SHOTS

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SIREN
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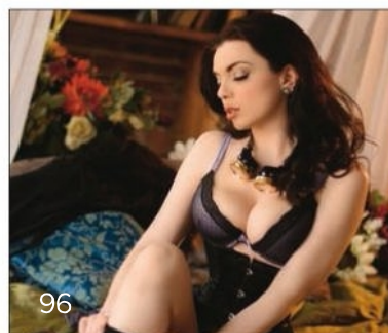
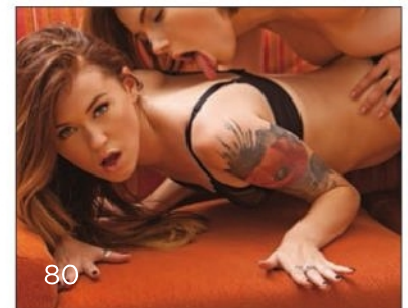
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EDITOR'S NOTE



Top: One of Reka Nyari's "Geisha Ink" images; above: this month's Pet Cougar, 1990 Pet of the Year Runner-Up Janine Lindemulder; right: Jenna Sativa goes green for Pop Shots

POP SHOTS

Pro skateboarder **Keith Hufnagel** takes on the challenge of art directing a pictorial, with absolutely stunning results. Huf blended his street-wear brand, HUF, with his personal vision for the shoot, telling us, "I was really looking at this as an art piece, more of a collaboration among myself, [photographer] **Kimberly Kane**, and model **Jenna Sativa**.... Having the HUF stuff in there is my personal touch.... That green has been our color since day one. It's a lime green, but we call it HUF green. We've brought it into furniture, we've brought it into tape, to art pieces like the middle finger. It's our go-to color." As the images on these pages prove, it's a perfect go-to color for enhancing a nude photo shoot as well (page 29).

POINT BLANK

Our series of portfolios showcasing the work of up-and-coming erotic photographers continues with **Reka Nyari**, an award-winning fashion and beauty photog. Nyari gives us a look at two of her current series, "Geisha Ink," which showcases extreme female tattooing, and "Nude York," which, as Nyari puts it, "plays with contrasting soft curves against a jagged urban landscape." You'll be captivated by her sensual images and sexy models (page 44).

SCARES AND FAIRS

It's time to get in the Halloween mood, with "Scary Sexual Devices," a historically accurate but humorous look at some intimidating sexual aids from the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries (page 74); "Things to Do With Your Body When You're Dead," a list of environmentally conscious and just plain cool alternatives to traditional burial and cremation (page 40); and a report from our political columnist, **Steve Faber**, on the scariest thing of all, a potential President Donald Trump (page 48).... We also get weird, with "Monsters and Mysteries Fests," a tour of festivals that celebrate lake monsters, dead aliens, and giant ape-men and moth-men (page 50).

DROP-DEAD GORGEOUS

Our second Drop-Dead Gorgeous issue will keep you intrigued and aroused, from **Scott Church's** cover shot of our stacked steampunk queen **Sarah Hunter** (which is literally just the beginning; see more starting on page 96) to our Parting Shot



look back at one of **Dana Delany's** sexiest roles, Mistress Lisa in *Exit to Eden* (page 134). In between, you'll find two eye-popping girl-on-girl sets: **Misha** and **Marina**, from photographer **Davide Esposito** (page 80), and Penthouse Pets **Aimee Sweet** and **Kelle Marie** in **Robert Gordon's** "Vamp," a special Halloween installment from November 2001 in our series of retrospective pictorials (page 112). You'll also come across Pet Cougar Confidential, where Pet **Sam Phillips** catches up with 1990 Pet of the Year Runner-Up **Janine Lindemulder**, one of the most famous names in the adult industry (page 92). And smack in the middle of the issue, of course, is the sultry siren **Anna Lee**, our October Pet of the Month, shot by **Preston Geoffrey Parker** (page 56). Enjoy! 





di

BIRTHDAY BANGING

Last month, my husband and I went to my best friend's birthday party. Most of the guests turned out to be people I ran with in high school and college, before I was married. My husband and I have an open relationship, so he already knew about all my past lovers. When we ran into Mark at the party, he was quite aware that Mark had been one of my favorite sexual partners.

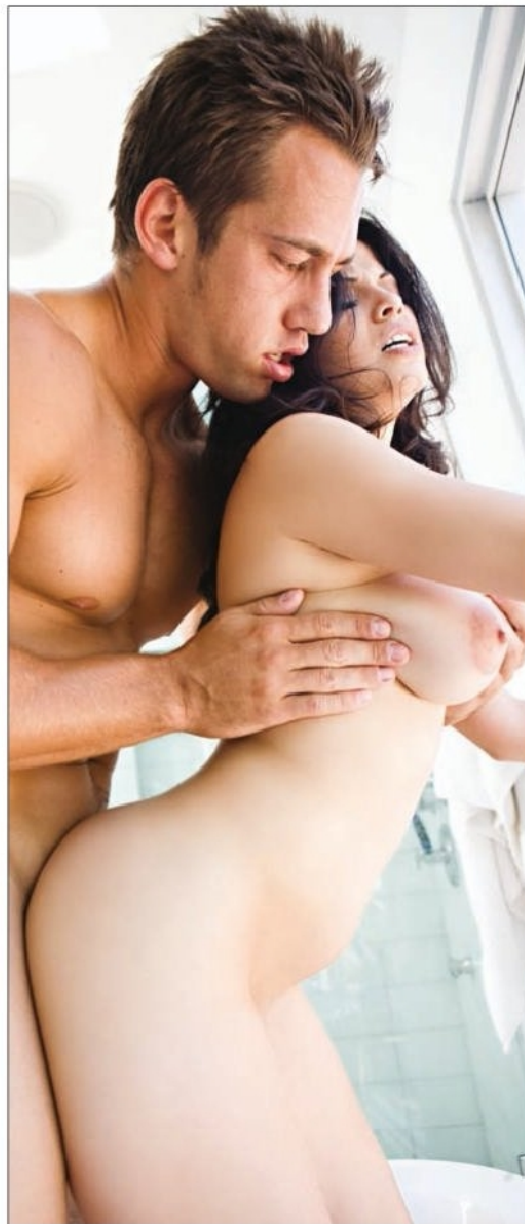
Naturally, Mark and I had some catching up to do. When we started reminiscing about old times, my husband listened for a short time before moving on to mingle with the other guests.

Talking and laughing with Mark had me feeling frisky and horny. Mark was a great lover, plus he always knew how to make me come like crazy. When I suggested we meet in the bathroom, Mark asked about my husband, and I told him the truth—that my husband was cool with whatever I did as long as I shared all the dirty details with him later.

Mark headed up to the bathroom on the second floor. I waited five minutes before I followed, then knocked softly on the door. When it opened, I slipped inside, taking care to turn the lock behind me.

Then I was in Mark's arms as he whispered in my ear how much he wanted me. I pulled up my skirt and wiggled out of my panties, letting them fall to the floor. He kissed me thoroughly till we were both panting for air. Then he pulled up my shirt and unhooked my bra and began playing with my breasts, tweaking and pulling my already sensitive nipples. I loved that he hadn't forgotten the little things that drove me crazy. He kissed and sucked on my neck, and I moaned for him to fuck me before anyone discovered us. I think the fact that we could get caught only served to heighten our lust.

Mark turned me around and I braced myself against the vanity. He



I braced myself against the vanity. Mark teased me with the head of his cock, then entered me with one deep thrust.

moved in close, and after teasing me with the head of his cock, rubbing it up and down my wet slit, he quickly entered me with one deep thrust. When he pulled back, leaving just the head of his cock inside me, I groaned and tried to push against him, but he had a hard grip on my hips, holding me steady. I was at his mercy as he chose to give me short, shallow thrusts, repeatedly hitting that sensitive spot. I had no choice but to ride the continuous waves of pleasure.

Just when I thought my legs would give out, Mark slammed his cock into me and began fucking me hard and fast. I gasped and groaned, as each thrust felt harder and deeper than the one before. I was so close, so hot, so wet. I started to come as Mark's grunts and strokes became erratic. They finally slowed and he held himself inside me as he finished.

A soft knock on the door roused us. We cleaned up and made ourselves as presentable as we could, though there was no mistaking the fact that I looked like I'd been well-fucked. I gave Mark a big kiss before leaving the bathroom. I came face-to-face with my best friend, but she just gave me a knowing look as I passed her.

I found my husband at the bar and told him I'd just hooked up with Mark and that I'd fill him in later. I knew he'd want to leave right away, but then he surprised me by suggesting we invite Mark back to our house. It was the first time he'd given me any inclination that he'd like to watch. Just thinking about him watching me, and maybe getting to enjoy two cocks at the same time, had me creaming my already wet panties.

While he finished his drink, I went to find Mark to see if he was game. Mark could hardly wait for us to leave. We sat in the backseat, kissing and groping each other while my husband drove us home. Now and then, I'd look up and see him glance at us in the rearview mirror. I imagined all kinds of scenarios as Mark finger-fucked me, but nothing compared to what actually happened. Check back next month if you want to know how the night turned out!—H.L., Texas

More letters on page 124

Forum letters should carry name and address, though these and other identifying characteristics will be changed for publication purposes. All letters become the property of *Penthouse*.

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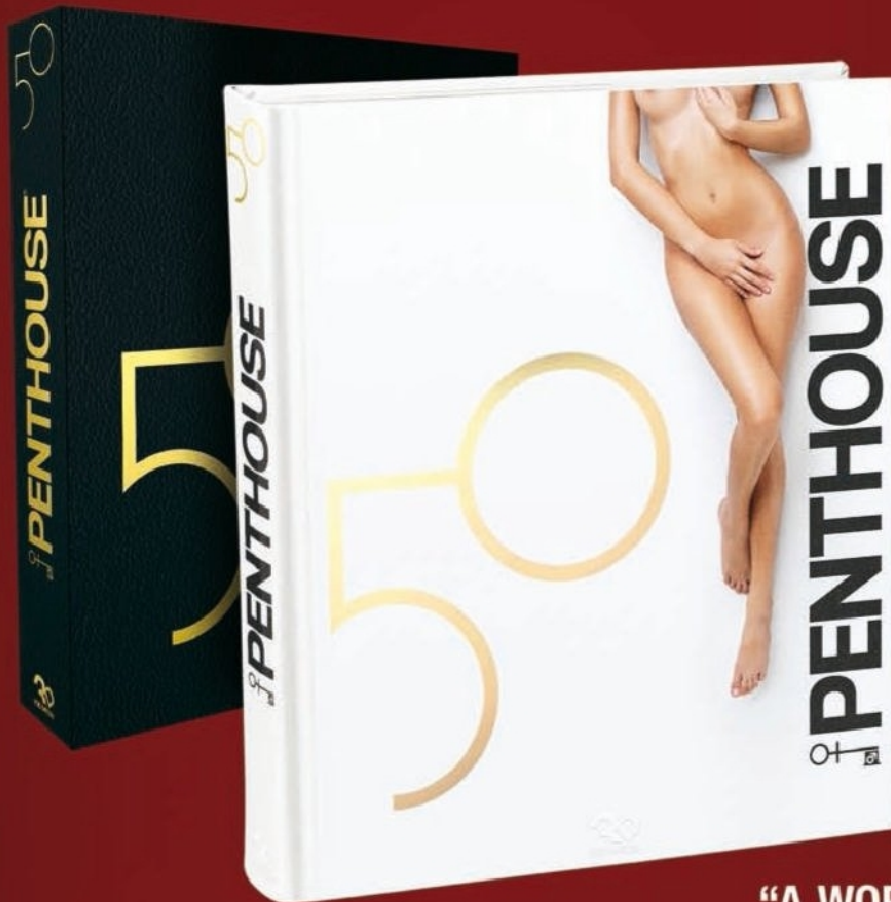
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CHILLS AND THRILLS



In 1996, a blizzard blew over Mount Everest and killed eight climbers. (Don't hate us. It's not a spoiler if it's history.) The 3-D disaster flick *Everest*—part biopic, part thriller, part epic blockbuster—knits together the story of that day from a screenplay inspired at least in part by personal narratives from surviving members of the ill-fated expeditions. Jake Gyllenhaal, Jason Clarke, Josh Brolin, Sam Worthington, and Keira Knightley headline the insanely deep cast, and the special effects are nothing short of ... well, chilling. Watch this if you need to feel reassured that your not-so-adventurous bucket list is daring enough.

By Kara Wahlgren

QUICK PICKS

FLICKS



Black Mass

They say nothing unites people like a common enemy. That could explain why, in the 1970s, an FBI agent decided the best way to take down the Italian mob was to team up with Irish organized-crime boss Whitey Bulger. This mob thriller retraces the unholy alliance, with Johnny Depp (almost unrecognizable in a terrible hairpiece) as Bulger and a killer cast rounded out by Joel Edgerton, Benedict Cumberbatch, and Dakota Johnson.



Sicario

Emily Blunt stars in this bloody thriller about an FBI agent who, after raiding a Mexican cartel's safe house in Arizona, gets chosen for a top-secret mission to take down a high-profile drug lord across the border. As she realizes the full scope of the operation, she begins to suspect she's being used as bait. It's two hours of graphic violence and nail-biting secret missions—think *Zero Dark Thirty Goes to Mexico*—and we get to see Emily Blunt in an ass-kicking role. We won't be surprised if her name pops up when awards season rolls around.



The Intern

It's Robert De Niro as you've never seen him before! And by that, we mean playing a 70-year-old fashion intern. Seriously. His character signs up for the gig through a community-outreach program, then becomes besties with the company's much-younger CEO, played by Anne Hathaway. (The role was originally intended for Tina Fey, then Reese Witherspoon, so hopefully third time's a charm.) With all the killer action movies coming out this month, you're going to owe your girl at least *one* touchy-feely comedy, and at least this has De Niro.

Cooties

Elijah Wood stars in this dark comedy about a substitute teacher forced to fight for survival after a student eats a tainted chicken nugget in the cafeteria, becomes a zombie, and infects her whole class. (Alison Pill, Jack McBrayer, and Rainn Wilson play a few of his coworkers.) It's packed with the usual zombie tropes and plenty of gratuitous gore, making it a must-see for horror fans. It's hitting theaters in a limited release, along with video-on-demand for the rest of us—so you don't even need to leave the couch.



Also this month ...

Pawn Sacrifice

Tobey Maguire stars in this historical thriller about Bobby Fischer, the American chess whiz who challenged the Soviets' greatest player during the height of the Cold War.

The Walk

In 1974, high-wire artist Philippe Petit pulled off *le coup*—an illegal walk between the Twin Towers of the World Trade Center. Joseph Gordon-Levitt stars in the drama, which is based on Petit's book, *To Reach the Clouds*.

The Martian

A crew of astronauts evacuates the red planet after a fierce storm, leaving behind a presumed-dead crew member. Matt Damon stars as the not-dead spaceman trying to find a way home.

TV



Doctor Who

In the ninth series of the show's revival, Peter Capaldi returns for his second go-round as the Twelfth Doctor, and Jenna Coleman—who was rumored to be leaving—is back as time-travel companion Clara Oswald. Capaldi has hinted that the Doctor and Clara are both “hell-bent on adventure” this time around, and that the Doctor will make a “cataclysmic” screwup along the way. We’re huddled under our TARDIS blanket in anticipation.

DVDS



Nakatomi Plaza: Die Hard Collection

Ever since he uttered his first “yippee ki yay, motherfucker” 27 years ago, John McClane has been one of our favorite movie badasses. Now, fans can keep every epic McClane moment on Blu-ray—from the 1988 original to 2013’s disappointing *A Good Day to Die Hard*—in this limited-edition replica of the L.A. tower. The set includes the five films, unrated versions of the two most recent installments, a “Decoding *Die Hard*” bonus disc, exclusive villain collectible cards, and a 32-page behind-the-scenes book.



Backcountry

This Canadian horror film premiered at last year’s Toronto International Film Festival and had a very limited release stateside earlier this year—but unless you’re an avid indie fan, chances are this is the first you’re hearing about it. The story follows a couple that sets off on a hike through the backwoods of Ontario’s Missinaibi Lake—sans trail map or cellphone. Their quest for an unplugged adventure turns into a grisly fight for survival; watch it before you pack for your next camping trip. (Hint: Bring the phone *and* the bear spray.)

SOUNDS



Chris Cornell Higher Truth

It’s been six years since Chris Cornell surprised us (we’re being nice) by enlisting Timbaland to make a dance-pop album. Luckily, a lot has changed since then—including a Soundgarden reunion the following year—and Cornell seems to have rediscovered his grunge-rock roots. For starters, this new album is produced by Brendan O’Brien, who mixed *Superunknown* and went on to produce albums for everyone from Pearl Jam to AC/DC to Gaslight Anthem. We’re looking forward to having the rock-god Cornell back.



Deftones Title to be announced

The alt-metal band has been around for more than a quarter-century, but time hasn’t slowed them down. For this much-anticipated (and, as of press time, held-till-November) eighth studio album, the band recorded 16 tracks, and frontman Chino Moreno told *Rolling Stone* that it’s “a little more of a heady record.... If something sounded a little straight, we took a left turn and made things a little screwy.” These guys rarely fail to kick ass, so we’re stoked to see where the left turns took them.

Also this month...



Eagles of Death Metal • Zipper Down

The side project of Jesse Hughes and Josh Homme is releasing its first album in seven years. Expect the same caliber of shredding riffs and ridiculous lyrics that made their first album so much fun.

READS



You Blew It!

If you’ve spent any amount of time in the Twittersverse, you’ve probably stumbled across the Modern Seinfeld account and lost a few hours of your life reading the stream of hypothetical modern-day plotlines. (“Jerry buys priority boarding for his flight. It’s actually the fourth group to board.”) Josh Gondelman, the comedy writer behind the account, teams up with *Fast Company* writer Joe Berkowitz on this book that examines the myriad ways we screw up our own lives with social awkwardness. Not that we can relate. **C+**



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With addition of Super Joey record two additional channels. **AutoHop** feature is available at varying times, starting the day after airing, for select primetime shows on ABC, CBS, FOX and NBC recorded with **PrimeTime Anytime**. Recording capacity varies: 2000 hours based on SD programming. Equipment comparison based on equipment available from major TV providers as of 12/31/14. Watching live and recorded TV anywhere requires an Internet connection. Sling-enabled DVR and compatible mobile device. On Demand availability varies based on your programming subscription. Requires Android OS 4.0 or higher to watch on an Android device and iOS 7.0 or higher to watch on iPhone or iPad. Select DVR recordings cannot be transferred. **ALL OTHER RECEIVER MODELS:** Lease Upgrade fees will apply for select receivers, based on model and number of receivers. Monthly DVR and receiver fees may apply. 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SUPERHERO STRENGTH

Five tips for getting superhero jacked. • By Joe Vennare



WARNING
OUR LAWYERS MADE US SAY THIS
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for medical advice, diagnosis, or treatment.

Growing up, every guy had a favorite superhero. Be it a character in a comic book or star on the big screen, there was one hero, or villain, that caught our eye and sparked our imagination. We didn't just want to be like them either. We actually wanted to *be* them. Wear the wardrobe. Possess their powers. Fight crime. Save the day. And, of course, win over fuck the girl.

Unfortunately, it's unlikely that any of us were ever worthy of joining the Avengers. Instead, we had to make do with pretending. So, every October, we'd dress up as our favorite superhero. We'd rock the outfit and mask. Heck, we'd even channel their superpowers to save the world—even if it was all in our imagination.

For most, those days are behind us. We've grown up and moved on. But for others, dressing up like comic-book characters from childhood is a regular occurrence. Somehow that doesn't scream "superhero."

Sure, roleplaying at the request of your wife, girlfriend, or mistress, or some combination thereof, is a dream come true. But even then, it's likely that the Superman costume is neither flattering nor forgiving around your gut and love handles. Let's be honest, how sexy can you be while suffocating in and sweating through that skintight costume?

Right. It's not sexy. It's certainly not very superhero-esque either. And the only way to change that is to stop pretending to be a superhero and start training like one. Yes, that means hitting the gym and getting in shape. It's how you'll go from sweaty and suffocating to cut and chiseled. All you have to do is follow these tips to get superhero jacked.



1. Map it out. Like a superhero setting out to topple a criminal mastermind, you're going to need a strategy for making the most of your time in the gym. That's why it's a good idea to map out your plan in advance. Determine the basics, like how many days each week you'll work out, the duration of each training session, and the exercises you'll perform. Then, keep track of your performance to ensure progress over time.


2. Recruit a sidekick. As you're mapping out your workout routine, you're also going to need to recruit a sidekick. In this case your sidekick will be equal parts hype-man, spotter, and wingman. He'll pump you up, make sure you don't drop a weight on your head, and always make a flattering introduction to damsels in distress. Better make that hotties in spandex. Either way, your sidekick has you covered.

3. Power up. When Bruce Banner's anger boiled over, he'd transform into the Hulk. And the madder he got, the stronger Hulk got. Too bad for us our bodies don't respond in quite the same way. We can't think ourselves fit or muscular. In order to possess the strength or match the muscular build of the Hulk, we need to power up with the right foods. That means more protein, like lean meats, eggs, and seafood. Plus, we have to cut back on the sugar, alcohol, and highly processed foods, opting instead for fruits, vegetables, and slow-digesting carbohydrates,

like sweet potatoes and brown rice.

4. Move weight. Moving a mountain was no big deal for Thor, one of the strongest superheroes around. He was a Norse god, after all. For us mere mortals, lifting weights is the closest we'll ever come to moving mountains. But look on the bright side: Pumping iron is also the only way we're going to get rock-solid abs and biceps the size of boulders.

Notice we didn't say anything about exercise machines or aerobics classes. Could you imagine Thor sweating to the oldies? Do you think he'd be caught dead on some recumbent bike? Of course not. He'd press whole trees over his head or do squats with an ox on his back. Maybe you can't match those feats, but at minimum you can make free weights, and exercises like squats, bench presses, and dead lifts, mainstays in your workout routine.

5. Compete. In your quest to achieving superhero status, settling for "good enough" is simply not an option. When it comes to fighting crime or saving the world, there's no such thing as too tired, too sore, or too busy. While it's true that saving the world doesn't fall within your job description, that doesn't mean you get to slack off. You can't make excuses, can't skip workouts, and can't get lazy. What you can and should do is compete. With yourself. Every workout. It's the difference between being a joke and being superhero jacked. And it's up to you. 



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Arch founders Gard Hollinger
and Keanu Reeves

THE ARCH WAY

An Arch motorcycle is the end result of focusing on one simple goal: making a beautiful, high-performance bike that combines form and function. • By Jonathan Ward



Let's say you decide to get a motorcycle. First, you trim the herd by choosing which style of bike speaks to you: dirt bike, cruiser, fat boy, bagger, café, road bike ... and so on. You might gravitate to the bigger brands and get anything

from a high-performance precision machine to something with a bit more of a "classic" vibe (authentic to the point of shedding parts as it rattles down the road, but I won't name names). You might decide to go for a vintage bike because you're ready for a driveway full of oil slicks and denim with those oh-so-fashionable burn marks. Or perhaps you've been-there-

done-that and are seeking something a bit more unique. That's when things get a bit challenging.

In general, you have to pick either form or function as your driving priority, which is really a shame. There are fabulous art-piece bikes that are either ergonomically impossible to navigate or wildly gaudy. Alternately, you can buy a nice new stock bike and

modify it to your liking, but that poses its own set of challenges regarding supplier ethics, quality of parts, and cohesion of design. Plus, you have to manage the process yourself.

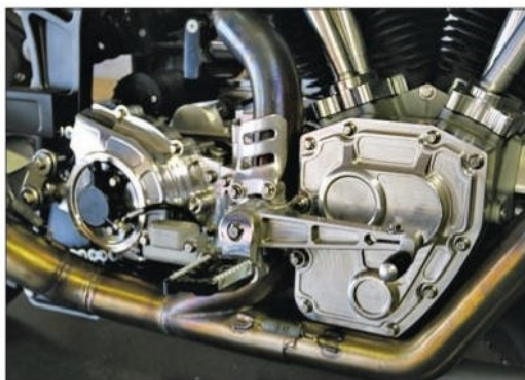
But what if you want a road bike with range-topping modern performance, a finish quality better than the traditional customs, and a united design that makes no sacrifices? Well, you should talk to Gard and Keanu.

Gard Hollinger has been tinkering with motorcycles since his youth, and till now did everything in his power to avoid starting a motorcycle brand. He's been a mechanic, he ran a successful bike-parts business, and he launched several other industry-related ventures. However, he divested from all of that madness and found himself thinking about a simpler life (think *work-to-live*, not *live-to-work*). He was just about ready to head off to Mexico to enjoy such a plan, when serendipity stepped in.

Keanu Reeves is, well, you know who he is: well-known actor with a long and celebrated career, *blah blah blah*. What you probably don't know is that he has traveled almost exclusively by motorcycle his entire adult life. He is quite the rider, and when he was looking for something special, all roads led to Hollinger. As they started to discuss what Reeves wanted, they realized two key things: (1) they both envisioned the same sort of bike; (2) that bike did not exist. They forged a partnership and founded Arch Motorcycle Company on a foundation of purity of purpose with a mission to create without compromise.

With its first model, the KRGT-1, Arch set out to create a road bike that defied convention, that had exceptional fit and finish, world-class reliability, epic manners, and versatility. The pair studied the finest of the production and custom worlds, and rethought how best to meld the two. Then they did something crazy: They succeeded.

Arch Motorcycle Company is located in Southern California, a stone's throw from Tesla headquarters. The moment I walk in the door, I realize that these guys are lunatics. The front space consists of a small seating area for customers with artistically repurposed airplane and automotive parts crafted into the furniture. Staff motorcycles are everywhere, and two assembly bays are right there in the open. The shop space is uniquely clean and organized, and as I view rows and rows of fabricated compo-



Hollinger and Reeves realized they envisioned the same sort of bike, and that it did not exist, so they founded Arch.


nents and parts, it becomes clear that these guys are onto something.

After being frustrated with the general quality and limited options in the aftermarket, Hollinger and Reeves realized that they were going to have to do most of the fabrication themselves. They took some of their favorite elements from the best customs, then created a production process that allowed them to achieve those same goals in a more standardized manner. After that, they listed all the things they hated about their favorite bikes (such as difficulty in servicing them), and committed to consider such shortcomings in their design. They invested in the right machining tools, and they invested in the right people to run those tools. Additionally, they machine almost every component from solid blocks of aluminum—in-house.

For example, the fuel tank. Custom-bike builders usually buy one ready-made overseas, or hammer out a form on a wooden buck. New-bike manufacturers generally stamp a

sheet of thin aluminum or ABS plastic and dress it up. Arch felt that the tank is such a key point of design on a bike that it deserved more thought. The company's unique tank is a structural element of the bike, machined out of a solid slab of 6061 billet aluminum. It triangulates the chassis, adding both beauty and engineering value. As if the sculpture of the tank is not impressive enough, it's media blasted and anodized in a range of unique color finishes never before possible on a tank. *Bam!* You have high art and engineering prowess that challenges the previously existing model.

Plus, there are no oil lines to rupture, just machined galleys running through precise machined parts. The oil pan attaches in such a manner that it actually adds to the structural rigidity of the bike. There are about 600 machining hours invested in each bike, and more than 800 man-hours in other aspects of the assembly.

Do you need one? Nah. But you don't need a watch, and yet you have one—probably a nice one. This is neither some actor's ego venture nor the profit plan of a faceless investment bank. This is the beautiful result of passion, careful consideration, and skill from a diverse team that came together with only one mission: to create something so special, it will make its owner as proud as the team that built it. 



GAME OF THE MONTH

By Crispin Boyer

■ **Forza Motorsport 6**

Microsoft (Xbox One)

The road gets wet and wild in the latest installment of the series, which is made for gearheads as well as gamers. (It's no coincidence that *Forza Motorsport 6* made its debut at a Detroit auto show earlier this year instead of the Electronic Entertainment Expo or some other game-industry event.) Simulated windshield wipers barely squeegie away the spray as you power slide through puddles that turn the asphalt into an ice-skating rink. The game's makers donned their slickers to visit its most famous real-world courses during downpours, noting where puddles form and then mimicking those slippery-when-wet hazards in the game. Learn the courses during storms and you can avoid spinning out or worse: hydroplaning into a chicane wall at 170 miles an hour.

Rain or shine, *Forza 6* is the ultimate auto-erotic fantasy. Courses and cars are rendered in 1,080p at a superbly smooth 60 frames per second. The 26 tracks—including ten new ones set everywhere from Rio de Janeiro to Watkins Glen, New York—re-create the real locations right down to the harsh halogens of Daytona and the midnight-black stretch of Le Mans. All 450 autos have doors that open and cockpits complete with working dials (cars also take realistic dings when you zig instead of zag). The real highway star here is the Fort GT supercar, featured on the box with all the pomp of a *Madden NFL* cover athlete.

A solo-race mode delivers a 70-hour-plus campaign that spans the history of racing, including rivalries and famous races set to narration from veterans of the sport. Or you can join a league and race against up to 24 real-life opponents or "Drivatar" clones. If you're the type that likes to watch, kick back in the stands in virtual-spectator mode and admire cars and courses that are drop-dead gorgeous.



■ **Mad Max**

Warner Bros. Interactive Entertainment (Xbox One, PS4, PC)

If you prefer your road-racing games with more racing for your life, then strap into the bucket seat and steel-toed boots of Max Rockatansky. You play the titular road warrior, who's on a quest for a legendary new ride named Magnum Opus after the theft of his nitro-burning Interceptor car (the game's plot has nothing to do with the *Fury Road* flick). Anarchy reigns on the wasteland, so you'll spend most of the game battling postapocalyptic marauders on foot, or with your foot on the gas. Customize your auto's chassis with better engines, armor, and weapons mounted in every direction. Your ride isn't the only thing you can upgrade: Each mutant you turn into a crash-test dummy boosts Max's abilities. **A—**

SKETCHY TRUTHS

BY PELNYC



STARE MASTERS

Gadgets so gorgeous they're guaranteed to turn heads.

By Crispin Boyer



■ AF240 headphones

Audiofly • \$250

Hearing is believing with these high-end headphones, crafted with 40mm dynamic drivers that deliver performance-quality sound. The AF240s are lightweight but have a substantial build quality, constructed with a polycarbonate body and metallic arms. Memory-foam ear cups mold to your noggin and provide all-day listening comfort while cutting down on outside noise. A microphone and buttons built into the line let you take calls and control the music without fumbling for your media player. Best of all, the headphones have a modern design, which means they look good on your head or dangling around your neck.



■ E1 camera

Z • camera: \$699; with lens: \$999

The E1 is a little camera for capturing the big picture, hitting the sweet spot between such 4K action cams as the GoPro and giant Hollywood-ready rigs that cost ten grand or more. The E1 records cinema-quality 4K (4,096 by 2,160) video at 24 frames per second or ultra-high-definition (3,840 by 2,160) at 30 FPS, more than sharp enough to resolve the freckles on your leading lady's shoulder from across the set. But its real trick is its versatility. The micro-four-thirds lens mount lets you mix and match a wide range of auto-focus lenses from Olympus, Panasonic, and other biggies. Advanced built-in noise filters clean up your jitters and maintain high image quality even in low-light conditions. Bluetooth connectivity lets you control every feature—from filters to telephoto zoom—remotely with your smartphone.



■ 4K Ultra Short Throw Projector


Sony • \$50,000

Yes, you'll find 4K displays that cost substantially less than a 2016 Ford Explorer (AOC's \$349 28-inch monitor—which is perfect for gaming and watching flicks in the bedroom—comes to mind). But Sony's ultra-short projector is less a display technology and more a piece of art. It's meant to be set just inches from the wall (hence the "short-throw" name), and its laser-light source casts a 4K ultra-high-definition image that's up to 147 inches across. It's the perfect projector for both penthouse apartments and the subterranean detective labs of billionaire crime fighters. The system is compatible with all the up-and-coming 4K-content providers, including Video Unlimited 4K and Netflix, or you can just use it to turn your apartment wall into a gallery for your 4K photography.



■ Structure Sensor

Occipital • \$379

Connect this 3-D scanner to your iPad (fourth generation, Mini 2 or 3, Air, or Air 2), and you're one step closer to having a working tricorder à la *Star Trek*. The unit scans any space or object and recreates it as a 3-D model, which might not sound like a big deal until you consider some of the life-improving advantages of that: map your apartment or house for virtual redecoration or renovations, play augmented-reality games available for free from the App Store, scan your body for fitness tracking and clothes tailoring, and scan objects for duplication via a 3-D printer. The open-source programming means developers can dream up new uses for the technology. The downside: It's compatible with only iPad tablets. 

THE GIRLFIANAKIS


Everyone wants to date women who are drop-dead gorgeous. Our twenty-first-century rogue explains why the road to success involves running over their less-attractive friends.

I'm a regular-looking, 27-year-old dude. I didn't invent an app, I don't manage a hedge fund, and I'm not famous. I don't even have 2,000 Twitter followers. Unsurprisingly, I've only hooked up with average-looking twentysomethings. But I don't see any good reason why I couldn't also pull in an outrageously hot model type. I'm smart; I make decent money; I'm in decent shape. How do I make it happen?

You're absolutely right; there's no good reason why it isn't happening for you. But this isn't about you. Take a moment to try to get inside the mind of a beautiful woman. Imagine the entire world being nice to you and being able to get anything you want, just because you're better looking than 99.9 percent of the population. Why would that woman want to date you? You're some middle-of-the-pack schmuck drooling over her like 100 other guys she sees every day. You should never be the 101st guy to compliment her; you have to be the first guy to challenge her. This is a long game. You're going to have to put in some work and delay gratification. But anything worth having is worth waiting for.

Every group of friends, male or female, functions like the wolf pack in *The Hangover*. There's always a Zach Galifianakis in the bunch. If you can't figure out who that is in your social circle, sorry, but you're it. Luckily, you're used to talking to "basic" girls. That's what you're going to do to get the hot chick, too. At a bar or club, find a group of sexy women who are out of your league and identify the mousy one, the one who watches her friends get hit on all night but always gets overlooked. Buy that girl a drink. Talk to the Girlfianakis as if she's the only person in the room. Make her feel special. When she introduces you to her hot friends, be polite but disinterested, and return your focus to her. Her queen-for-a-day act thus gets you access to a hot-chick social group.

Continuing our movie motif, play the part of the sweet love interest, the guy who does little thoughtful things for Miss Below Average. (You might want to keep it light and friendly instead of getting horizontal.) Believe me, she'll tell the hot friends all about you; she's been waiting forever to tell this story. They'll smile to her face, but think to themselves, *What about me?* They won't be able to wrap their heads around the idea that you're ignoring them and treating their friend like a princess. Women like that are supercompetitive and rarely truly happy for their friends. The attractive ones will flirt to get your attention, so they can re-establish their alpha role atop the hotness hierarchy. As soon as a hot one makes her interest obvious, you've won the flirting game. Once you have her interest, throw a compliment her way and suggest something scandalous. She gets her hot-chick powers back, and you get her.

An added bonus: Being with a hot chick is like being president. Even after your term is up, people still call you Mr. President and act like you're in charge. Date one professionally hot chick and you'll never have to settle for a "regular" girl again. 



DICK MOVE

Put a scare into your Halloween celebrations with this libido-boosting liquor that hits below the belt.

By Joshua M. Bernstein

In my decades-long quest to explore inebriants around the world, I've dumped no shortage of scary booze down my throat. Southeastern Ohio's backwoods offered enamel-ripping moonshine, while in Vietnam I sipped vodka infused with fang-baring snakes. In Mexico, sour, tangy pulque—fermented agave sap, as viscous as motor oil—entered my mouth, and at a Brooklyn biker clubhouse I consumed 150-proof rum mixed with two percent milk.

Vomiting, I quickly discovered, makes a memorable first impression.

Of all the alcohols my workhorse liver has metabolized, few were as frightening as Chinese *san bian bu jiu*, a medicinal tonic that drinks like your darkest nightmare, especially when you discover how it's made. For the moment, I'll keep the ingredients a mystery and take you on my 2009 trip to China. I'd been traveling on a junket exploring the country's incipient wine culture. Most wines we sampled were on equal footing with the type of hooch consumed when economy and alcohol content trumps quality and flavor. Except that Chinese wines were pricey, upper-echelon expenses typically suited for sealing the deal on the third date.

Money and quality had no correlation, and my main takeaway was that China's burgeoning wine industry was a master class in optics. At first glance, the chateaus rising from the verdant countryside—strung with trellises that stretched into infinity—could've been teleported from France. However, up-close inspection revealed suspect construction (hello, hollow stone walls!), with numerous wineries as empty as Wild West ghost towns. At Chateau Changyu-Castel, located in northeastern China's Shandong province, I sampled oxidized chardonnay and cabernet sauvignon that made Yellow Tail taste like heaven-sent ambrosia. (To be fair, I've heard quality has since improved.) Not looking to offend my hosts, I dutifully drank what was offered,

murmuring and scratching my chin while scrunching my eyes—the international symbol for deep, contemplative thought.

No matter if it's cognac, Coors Light, or pruno, aka prison wine, all alcohol delivers the same end goal. And boy, that wine had me buzzing, my mood brighter than a 100-watt bulb. I accompanied my fellow journalists to the gift shop to perfunctorily peruse the wares, more interested in wasting time than opening my wallet. That's when I came across a rectangular bottle of clear amber liquid. The carafe read *SAN BIAN BU JIU*, with the manufacturer listed as the Yantai Zhongya Pharmaceutical Company. Was this some kind of therapeutic liquor?

The translator, a rosy-cheeked young woman recently removed from college, was mortified, her expression mimicking my dad's when I asked how babies were made. "It's ... medicine," she hesitantly answered. "Medicine for your ..." She stopped, pointing vaguely beneath my belt line. The liquor, I discovered, was colorfully, and accurately, known as "three-penis wine." (It's fermented from rice, not grapes.) This liquid Viagra was infused with dried, ground penises reportedly belonging to a deer, a dog, and a seal. The tonic was a purported libido booster, putting plenty of lead into your pencil. Out of journalistic duty, not need, I bought a bottle for the equivalent of a couple of bucks. The going rate for penises seemed disconcertingly low, suggesting an endless supply, not a precious commodity.

On the tour bus, I twisted off the top, releasing a pungent clinical scent—menthol mixed with Grandma's medicine cabinet. The taste was worse: bitterness, intense and lingering, like the tears of a thousand puppies who'd had their penises lopped off and ground to dust, all for someone's Hail Mary hard-on. The flavor was so mortifying that it made me ponder a question I once thought impossible: How badly do I want to have sex tonight?

Not that badly, I thought, solidly screwing the bottle shut. 



Summer Days Sexy Nights



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kanøn

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GREEN DAZE

Keith Hufnagel's skateboarding days go back to 1990s New York City, when skaters created their own counterculture. After years as a pro, Huf echoed that vibe by creating his own street-wear company, HUF. That one-time post-injury backup plan has grown into the premier street-wear label, and turned pot-leaf socks into the go-to accessory. Now Huf brings his vision to these pages, with a photo shoot of Jenna Sativa.

Photographs by Kimberly Kane • Interview by Raphie Aronowitz



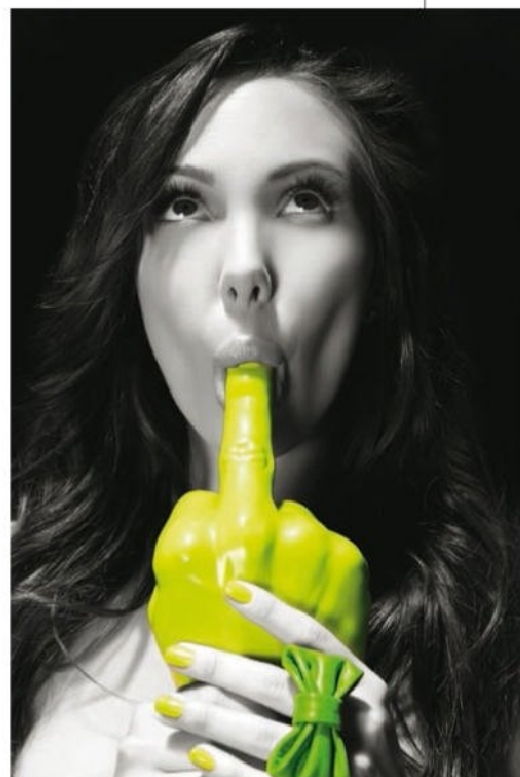


You've been so busy lately that I'm surprised you found time for this.

Yeah. I've really been working on the HUF brand and opening up the Los Angeles retail store. We are also opening a store in Tokyo. This will be our second one. We're not trying to open up too many of them. We want to open one in New York as well. We've been scouting locations. We want to get that one open as soon as possible, but these things take time.

It's pretty amazing that you were able to parlay your career as a pro skater into launching one of the most successful skate-apparel brands.

In the beginning, I was always juggling being a professional skateboarder and building the brand. I always had help, though. I had a creative director supporting me. I had a team and some sort of structure, but there was never enough time. I was always skating, then coming in and working. I had some injuries that really plagued me, so I pushed my professional career to the side and really focused on the brand. I had to retire from skateboarding to some degree. And now we've actually built the brand big enough that we have a very well-structured professional team behind us. So for me, I've just been focusing on how the brand looks, how the skate team looks, and what we're making.







You layered a few key visuals from your brand into the shoot. What motivated you to blend your brand with your personal vision?

Having the HUF stuff in there is my personal touch ... and having the green and having the chairs. That's me putting my personal touches on this project.

What is it about the color green?

That green has been our color since day one. It's a lime green, but we call it HUF green. For us, it's just an accent and it's always been there in the background. It's a color that is extremely hard to use on apparel, but we've brought it into furniture, we've brought it into tape, to art pieces like the middle finger. It's our go-to color. But we won't make a jacket that color or anything like that.

Tell me about what you were trying to communicate through your creative vision.

I was really looking at this as an art piece, more of a collaboration among myself, [photographer] Kimberly Kane, and model Jenna Sativa. It was really to make it different. A lot of things look very repetitive in pornography, or with whatever you would call naked photos. I don't know what the term is for it.

I think it's just "naked photos."

I just wanted to give it a little art flair, give a little culture to it. For me, that's why I brought my brand into it.

Have you ever done anything like this before?

Yeah. I shot a calendar with Van Styles and I did a project with Dennis McGrath in the past. I think those are the only two that had naked women in them.

So this wasn't something you had an aversion to?

No.

What were you looking for when casting for this shoot?

Basically, I was looking for a girl who was athletic, a girl who had a ballerina style—but with more of a bust and long legs. I like a more athletic girl.

"Athletic." Is that how you would describe your type?

Honestly, it's more their personality than anything else. It's how they are and who they are. I definitely like pretty faces and cute bodies, but





it's a woman's personality that really draws me in.

What's the first thing you notice about a woman?

Probably their eyes.

You're an eye man!

I like eyes. Also legs. But, you know, to be respectful to a woman, you look her in the eyes first.

First.

First.

Any deal breakers? Anything about a girl that will make you say, "Hell, no"?

No. As long as her teeth are clean [laughs]. As long as you don't have shitty breath, you're all right.

What was it about Jenna that stood out from the other models?

She was clean looking. She had a pretty face, and she has a clean body. She was not tattooed. She was just natural.

She was a real girl. No silicone or modifications. Was that by design?

That wasn't required. But it happened. I do like natural, and she has a natural look. And she's young, too [in her early twenties], so that helped [laughs].

How did her ballet poses or flexibility come into play?

I was looking for that kind of athletic ballet girl. She ended up being a gymnast, so we put her in some poses, and she had good form. She was able to perform those poses.







Looking at photos is one thing, but did she live up to your expectations in person?

Yeah. She was super-relaxed, comfortable. In person, she looked even better than in her photos. She's a super-chill girl. Happy. She's got a good accent. [Editor's note: Jenna describes herself as Cuban Brazilian American.]

She does have a good accent.

What was it about the photographer, Kim Kane? Booking her was very important to you.

She helped out on the Dennis McGrath project, and she's been into photography and really wants to do more in that world. This was a perfect time for us to get back together and do this project. She's good with the camera, and she helped me pick the girl and everything. She's on it.

Was it more challenging to direct a shoot that characterized your personal values rather than your brand's values?

Yeah, it was definitely challenging. I mean, I feel like we've been talking about doing this for, like, six months to a year. And it's definitely challenging to commit and make something like this come to life. It's hard no matter what. You put one thing on paper, but then you like something else.... It's always hard.

I guess there's a nagging vulnerability when it's all about you and your vision.

Yeah. But it looks good. I think people will enjoy it.

Anything you wish you would have done differently?

Nah. There's always a what-if, right? I like it. I'm excited about it.


Do you have a favorite photo or setup?

I don't know. There are so many. I like the one of her in the Modernica chair. It's her form. Plus, the chair is fucking awesome.

The chair is pretty fucking awesome.

She has really good form right there. Good body ... good chin ... good hair ... good legs ... pointed toes.

So you're happy with the way it turned out.

Yeah. Which one is the cover shot? 



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HARD NEWS

BY CHRISTINE COLBY

Saucier Than Expected

Classic ketchup company Heinz was attempting to get with the times by including a QR code on its labels. Good thinking—it'll give bored customers something to do at their restaurant tables while they wait for their food. The code was designed to lead French fry munchers to a contest where they could design their own ketchup label. A great plan, except that restaurants tend to keep old condiment bottles on their tables, just topping them off with fresh product. By the time one interested party, Daniel Korell, scanned the code, the Heinz promotion had long expired. And Heinz didn't count on an enterprising German porn site seeing the opportunity to buy the now-available URL, so that anyone scanning one of the ketchup codes found themselves at a site full of adult videos.

After Korell brought the issue to the attention of Heinz on its Facebook page, the company's social-media team apologized and offered Korell the chance to still design his own ketchup label. Not to be outdone, the porn site countered by posting a response offering him a free membership, and made a squirting joke. We think the point goes to the porn site. No word on whether he took either company up on its offer.



No Spray, No Lay



These days, everyone knows to wear a condom while having sex. But most men don't like to wear them, and most women haven't even tried the "female condom." Now, a potential new safer-sex product could take us all past "no glove, no love."

Michele Chu, a student at the Pratt Institute in New York City, has come up with a product idea that may make protection more appealing. It's called Girlplay, although it can be used on men's or women's genitals. Simply spray either an erect penis or a vagina and wait for the liquid to dry. The spray creates a seal that prevents the exchange of bodily fluids with more of a custom fit than a conventional condom.

Modeled after spray-on sunscreen and bandages, it would offer more consistent protection than a condom, which can slip off or break, as well as a perfect fit for men who are either too small or too large to comfortably and confidently use rubbers.

Chu is only in the design stage, so Girlplay isn't on shelves yet. Her idea is to include it in a larger "Lover's Kit" with a remote control that somehow changes the spray's "effects, modes, and flavors," and unhooks a "smart bra."

It's worth noting that a similar design was invented by a German sex educator named Jan Vinzenz Krause in 2008. His concept didn't involve the idea of "play" as much as Chu's, and was only meant for men to use. His idea didn't take off due to a basic lack of sexiness—he'd been inspired by a drive-through car wash—and the spray itself took a prohibitively long (especially while trying to stay erect) time to dry. Let's hope that Chu is able to conquer these obstacles, as she seems to have the sexy part down.


Portland Is Well-Hung

Anyone who has spent any amount of time in a major city has probably noticed sneakers flung over power lines. What they're doing there has always been a matter of debate. Gangs marking territory? Signals for drug dealers? Kids being kids? As if the sneaker flingings weren't mysterious enough, the power lines of Portland, Oregon, were recently festooned with hundreds of dildos in the same manner.



It's not too much of a surprise that the town that boasts more strip clubs per capita than any other in the United States would be home to someone who chooses to express him- or herself this way. One woman has come forward to take credit for the decoration/desecration, but anonymously, to *Vice*, so who knows if she's even telling the truth? If she is, her only motive seems to be fun and hilarity, as she said, "Dick-tossing is an exercise in happiness."

It doesn't seem as if the culprit will get in trouble for any of this, as the Portland police, the Office of Neighborhood Involvement, and even Portland General Electric don't seem too worried about it. The power company even pointed out that the toys don't cause a safety issue as they don't conduct electricity.

The city of Portland, whose unofficial motto is "Keep Portland Weird," has been much parodied on *Portlandia* for its idiosyncrasies. We say it should just embrace the phenomenon as yet another tourist attraction. And maybe put a bird on them. 

PHOTOGRAPH BY (LOWER RIGHT) REUTERS/COURTNEY SHERWOOD

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THINGS TO DO WITH YOUR BODY WHEN YOU'RE DEAD

Many consider traditional burial or cremation to be the only options for the afterlife. Let's look at some unconventional and (dare we say it?) fun options.

By Christine Colby

For the past 150 years, what's often referred to as "traditional burial" has been the norm in mainstream Western society. The default is embalming and burial, often in a very expensive casket and a concrete or steel vault, and taking up real estate in a cemetery until the end of time. But now a new generation of funeral directors and entrepreneurs is wondering if there are other options that are more environmentally sound, cheaper, and better suited for modern life (and death).

What most of America thinks of as "traditional" has only been the norm since the particular circumstances of the Civil War—vast numbers of soldiers dying far from their homes, in a hot climate—popularized embalming. It also became fashionable after President Lincoln's body was embalmed before it undertook a countrywide train tour.

But for those of us who are not taking postmortem train trips, is embalming really necessary? And to what end do we attempt to stave off decomposition? There also are some environmental concerns related to the process, including bodily fluids being drained into public septic systems, and health problems, such as cancer and respiratory issues, in death-industry workers due to constant exposure to formaldehyde.

Cremation, of course, is now a common option, and is gaining in popularity every year. It can save thousands of dollars in comparison with traditional burial, and doesn't use up valuable land space. It's also a good solution for families that are spread out across the country—or globe—and don't have a hometown family plot. Cremation offers the option of dividing the cremains among survivors, or scattering some and saving the rest.

It's not without its issues, however, as it comes with a hefty carbon footprint. It's a pretty big fuel suck, and releases such emissions as hydrochloric acid and sulfur dioxide, along with mercury (if the decedent had dental fillings) and other toxins, into the environment.

THE ULTIMATE ACT OF RECYCLING

One option that's growing in popularity is natural, or green, burial. Many people make the decision to live their lives in as environmentally sustainable a way as possible, so naturally they'd want the same for their deaths.



A shrouded body in a grave at Eloise Woods

Green burial involves a shroud or casket made of eco-friendly, biodegradable materials, and burying the unembalmed body so that it works in conjunction with the process of decomposition. (A lot of Jewish funeral practice is consistent with natural burial.)

One natural burial ground is Eloise Woods near Austin, Texas, which provides its services “in harmony with nature.” Open since 2010, it offers a woodland environment, wildlife habitat, walking trails, and a landscape with unobtrusive burial markers. If you’d like, they’ll even allow you to hand dig the grave at no charge. They offer a veterans’ discount and will always bury infants for free. Unlike most cemeteries, they also inter pets. (EloiseWoods.com)

Elemental Cremation & Burial in Bellevue and Seattle, Washington, is certified by the Green Burial Council and makes every effort to be as responsible as possible with every choice it makes. The owner, Jeff Jorgenson, has a mission to get away from outdated modes of funeral service and offer families affordable ways to make arrangements while harming the planet as little as possible.

“The company was built on the premise that people don’t want to pay for all the nonsense that traditional funeral homes provide: chapel services, bookmarks, tribute videos, and strange things like personalized corners on caskets,” he says. “And because I’m a liberal nut who loves the environment, I was able to build Elemental from the ground up as a minimal-carbon-footprint company, and I’ve built sustainability into the growth model. It’s superfun to be able to make little changes to how we approach death.”

Jorgenson avoids embalming if possible, and in almost every case has found ice packs and dry ice to be sufficient for visitation purposes. In the rare event he must embalm a

Green burial involves a shroud or casket made of eco-friendly, biodegradable materials, and burying the unembalmed body.



Caitlin Doughty performing a natural burial

body, he uses a non-formalin-based, eco-friendly formula that leaves the loved one smelling like cloves. He also does what he can to reduce any traveling a family has to do, works with local craftspeople, uses products that are sustainably forested, and only partners with other businesses, such as banks and web-design companies, that are also suitably green and progressive. If he feels a carbon output can’t be avoided, he purchases carbon offsets and plants trees to try to make up for it. (ElementalNW.com)

An alternative funeral practice in the Los Angeles area, Undertaking LA, wants to send funeral service back to a time when families took care of their own dead at home, and embalming wasn’t the norm. The owner, Caitlin Doughty, will assist families in preparing the body and ceremony at their homes and keep them fully involved in the process. She states, “For hundreds of years of American history, death and dying happened in the home. But the rise of the medical and funeral industries has taken once natural processes behind closed doors to be handled by ‘professionals.’ This transition was so complete that in the twenty-first century, most families are not aware that they are empowered, both legally and logistically, to be involved in the care of their own dead. We believe this can be changed, and we believe it will help our society to better accept death.” She doesn’t offer embalming, metal caskets, or vaults, but rather a natural desert burial in Joshua Tree Memorial Park. (UndertakingLA.com)

Natural burial is not offered by every funeral home, and each state has different laws regarding it, so you’ll need to do some research. A good place to start is GreenBurialCouncil.org/find-a-provider/.

Sarah Wambold, a funeral director and green-burial expert who formerly worked with Eloise Woods, is now with Green Funeral Ideas. The company provides end-of-life coaches and helps guide people in planning their eco-friendly deaths and afterlives no matter where they’re located, and is also fluent in state laws and requirements. “Local funeral providers who have never done a green burial aren’t always the best resource, so as professionals with deep experience in this area, we’re helping make

that process smoother," she says. (GreenFuneralIdeas.com)

MAKE YOURSELF USEFUL

How about if your body disposition actually did some good?

Katrina Spade of the Urban Death Project has a revolutionary plan to keep death green. Spade would like to see bodies, especially in urban environments where space is at a premium, composted. At the end of the process, families could take the soil and use it to grow trees, flowers, and memorial gardens (not food, she emphasizes). She says, "Composting is a way to take dead organic materials and give them new life. The process of composting is also a great reminder that we are all very much part of the working cycles of nature." While this may sound a little bizarre, farmers routinely utilize this process for dead livestock. Spade's particular project is to make composting meaningful for humans in a ritualistic way, and to make it compatible with city living. (UrbanDeathProject.org)

Most people are aware of the valuable anatomical gifts they can offer through organ and tissue donation after their deaths. It can be as simple as signing or making a check mark on your driver's license, although you can learn more and sign up at OrganDonor.gov. After anatomical gifts are removed, of course you'd still need to select a final disposition option.

There's also the vague option to "donate your body to science," which could mean anything from being used to educate medical students (including aspiring plastic surgeons) to being a crash-test cadaver. The best approach for this option is to plan in advance, do a lot of research into the institution or program you'd like to assist, and make sure you are comfortable with how your donation will be used. Also, bear in mind that any donated body will have to be embalmed, and in a more intense method than for a funeral-home viewing, as your body may have to last an entire semester or be stored for up to two years.

Note that some diseases and conditions may make you ineligible, as will an autopsy or disfiguring accident. For a directory of body-donation programs in the United States, consult Old.Med.UFL.edu/anatbd/usprograms.html.

If you'd like your preserved corpse to hang out even longer than two years, then Dr. Gunther von Hagens is your man. He's the brains behind the Body Worlds exhibitions, which have toured the world and been seen by 40 million people, and he can preserve you with a method he invented called "plastination." He replaces the fluids and fat in a body with silicone rubber, sets bodies up in a variety of poses, and then hardens them with gas, heat, or ultraviolet light. Informed greatly by the work of eighteenth-century anatomist Honoré Fragonard, von Hagens has preserved cadavers in poses playing sports, dancing, riding corpse horses, and carrying their own flayed skins, à la Saint Bartholomew. You never know what he might do with you—in 2009 he came under criticism for a German exhibit that posed two dead people having sexual intercourse. Apparently it was the amorous expressions on the corpses' faces that made it seem indecent to critics, so von Hagens responded by sawing most of the bodies away, leaving only the conjoined genital areas for the exhibit. If you want to get in on this, you can arrange to donate your body through the website—although at the moment, there are more than 15,000 registered donors ahead of you. (BodyWorlds.com)

For a less showy option, you could further forensic science by taking your eternal rest at a body farm. There are currently five in the U.S.; the first and most famous is at the University of Tennessee at Knoxville (Fac.UTK.edu/donation.html), and all of them study the decomposition of human remains for the purpose of aiding police investigations. Left to decay outdoors and exposed to varying weather conditions, insects, and animals, the remains are observed for rate of decomposition, insect activity, and other factors that could assist in determining the time of death and the identity of human remains. The location at Texas State University (TXState.edu/anthropology/facts/donations.html) is specifically set up for studying the effects vultures have on a decomposing body, if that's your thing.



Plastinator Dr. Gunther von Hagens at work

MAKE AN ASH OF YOURSELF

Here are some really cool things that you can have done with your cremains.

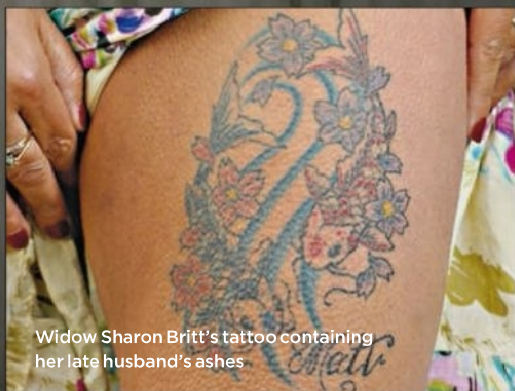
Ashes Anywhere! The idea of scattering ashes in a hometown, a favorite lake, or an exotic vacation locale isn't new. But this service will help get it done if for some reason your survivors can't make the trip themselves. The "team of professionals, travelers, and strategists deliver a portion of ashes to any location in the world, anytime." (GreenFuneralIdeas.com/ideas/ashes-anywhere)

Eternal Reefs. You can be mixed into a concrete ball and placed at the bottom of the ocean to help rebuild coral reefs and create homes for marine life. You can even mix your pet's cremains in at no extra charge. Families are provided with GPS coordinates and can scuba dive to visit. (EternalReefs.com)



Holy Smoke. Ashes can be placed into any caliber or gauge of ammunition and taken on a memorial hunting trip, or "you can continue to protect your home and family even after you are gone." Discounts are offered to active-duty and retired military, law enforcement, and firefighters. (MyHolySmoke.com)

Celestis. Go out the way of Timothy Leary and Gene Roddenberry, by having your cremains launched into space. You can even choose among spending eternity in orbit, on the surface of the moon, or in deep space. The next launch is scheduled for November 5 from New Mexico's Spaceport America. (Celestis.com)



Widow Sharon Britt's tattoo containing her late husband's ashes


Ink and Paint. This is a bit DIY, and not offered by a specific company. You may have to ask around to find a tattooer willing to do it, but ashes can be mixed with tattoo ink to create a commemorative tattoo with no ill effects. If you're not the tattoo type, mix them into paint for a very personal portrait.

Angels Flight. If you live (and die) in the California area, your loved ones can take a ride on a luxury yacht on the ocean or a lake, or simply observe from the beach, and watch your cremated remains be dispersed via a fireworks display composed of more than 200 shells. (Angels-Flight.net)



And Vinyly. Music lovers will appreciate the chance to have their cremains pressed into a playable vinyl record (their basic package includes 30 discs), which can play a recorded personal message or music, or be left with just the somewhat eerie cracks and pops of the vinyl itself. You can even have a portrait of yourself painted for the cover, by National Portrait Gallery artist James Hague or street artist Paul Insect. (AndVinyly.com)



21 Grams. Artist and designer Mark Sturkenboom has come up with a particularly *Penthouse*-worthy option. His "21 Grams" (presumably a reference to the alleged weight of the soul) is a "memory box" that includes the scent of the loved one's cologne, a speaker to play meaningful music, and a clear, blown-glass dildo in which 21 grams of cremains are stored. Sturkenboom says it "allows a widow to go back to the intimate memories of a lost beloved one." (MarkSturkenboom.com) 

REKA NYARI

Our series of artist portfolios continues with an award-winning photographer who fell in love with the medium while working as a model.

Reka Nyari came to New York in the late nineties to study painting at the School of Visual Arts. While working as a model in Europe and Asia after graduation, she fell in love with photography. Since she returned to New York in 2004 to pursue a career as a photog, she's done fashion shoots, CD covers, artistic portraits, and erotic photography. Her images have been exhibited in galleries in the States and Europe, she's worked for prestigious commercial clients, and her photos have appeared in numerous magazines, including *Esquire*, *Vanity Fair*, *Tatler*, *Korean Cosmopolitan*, and *Twill*. In 2010, she won first place in the prestigious International Photography Awards in the Professional Beauty category. Her book, *Femme Fatale: Female Erotic Photography*, sold out; Nyari is working on a second collection that is slated for publication in early 2016.

When did you see your first issue of *Penthouse*? What do you remember about it?

Must have been in the early 1990s in Helsinki, Finland.... My girlfriends and I would search for our brothers' and fathers' naughty magazines and movies, and find all kinds of treasures.

I remember a lot of large breasts, which at that time were very fascinating. Some things never change.

Do you feel as if seeing the images in *Penthouse* has impacted your own work?

I think being exposed to all kinds of sexy magazines impacted me a bit. I definitely have a dirty mind.

Why did you pick these particular photos to submit to *Penthouse*?

They are from series I have been working on this past year. "Geisha Ink" juxtaposes extreme female tattooing with the rebellion of the notorious Japanese Yakuza gangs. "Nude York" is an ongoing project that plays with contrasting soft curves against a jagged urban landscape. The images from both projects



are sexy and sensual, and have quite a narrative in a mysterious way. I love to tell stories with the female body. It's incredibly pleasurable and makes me feel free.

How did you develop your photographic style?

I grew up as a visual artist. My parents tell me I could paint before I could walk. I switched to photography in my twenties, and have never looked back. I think my style has been influenced by directors like Roman Polanski and David Lynch, as well as by



photographers such as Helmut Newton, Cindy Sherman, and Guy Bourdin. It's a constant journey of exploring, playing, and learning.

Where do you stand on the issue of digital versus film?

I was shooting with film in art school, and still do occasionally for artistic projects. I do, however, love digital photography and all the tools it supplies to artists. Creativity is easier with digital, but also more complex than ever before.

You work in both black-

and-white and color when shooting nudes/erotic images. Is one better for some photos than the other? Does it depend on outside factors, or on the story you're trying to tell?

It completely depends on the mood, feel, and intention of the photograph. Sometimes I prefer black-and-white, as it really focuses on the form. Color can be distracting.

What are you trying to say with your work, and how do your photos do that?

Again, that completely depends on the project. But in general, I'm a big fan of women feeling comfortable in their own skins.

What do you want viewers to take away from your work?

I want you to feel something, even if it is something negative.

Are there clichés in photography that you try to avoid?

Over-Photoshopped skin is an absolute turn-off, as are cheesy color treatments.

Name three things you can't live without.

Love, traveling, and creating.







Auckland

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* Chicago

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DONALD TRUMP & ANSWERED PRAYERS

The candidacy of Donald Trump serves as the supreme teaching tool to explain what is commonly referred to as Saint Teresa's lament: "More tears are shed over answered prayers than unanswered prayers."

By Steve Faber

What were our prayers? What *are* our prayers?

In the realm of the public forum, in the city of Washingwood, where media, entertainment, politics, and policy collide, we have been searching, and ostensibly failing in that search, for something called "authenticity." We have slowly begun quenching that thirst with a parasitic water that first bubbled up in our culture with the advent of the "reality" show. Sulfuric half-hour bursts of "real" housewives consist of spats with other "real" housewives over lowest-common-denominator issues.

We meander through that particular hell and engage in a Roman Colosseum-style circus of acts chosen because the performer has actual talent or because the performer has no talent (*America's*

Got Talent, *America Has No Talent*, *America Dances*, *America Sings*, *America Sings and Dances Fairly Well* or *Embarrassingly Badly*). These are old-school talent shows with a twist: The viewer crawls right up the performers' gut-wrenching psycho-analysis and is given the power to bestow success or failure, or, conversely, screams at the television that his or her Aunt Edna could do a better job singing or dancing.

We sang and danced our way to food and were graced with real chefs who, at first, explained how to cook a dish and then, in a *Lord of the Flies* kind of way, paired themselves (or were paired) with semi-real chefs, forcing them to cook food in 20 minutes while being berated. You know the rest. These "reality" shows cost the networks nothing and

make a fortune in advertising and merchandise sales.

As we all know by now, these series are not real. They're concoctions of people doing strange and, I suppose, "real" things for the purpose of entertaining an audience that was tired of the contrivances of the family drama and the sitcom (many of which I wrote for). Those shows wrapped up all of life's problems into neat 24-minute bags, and, apart from the jokes, lessons were learned. Except for *Married With Children*, for which I was a producer and writer, sitcoms had a teaching moment that triggered, in me, a gag reflex.

Thus, the desire for authenticity brought us "reality," which is provably scripted, non-union—one of the reasons the Writers Guild went on strike—visual explications of common experiences: cooking food, getting a job, getting fired from a job, cooking lousy food, buying a house (that no one can afford to buy now) and settling for that house's flaws, settling for the idea that you can't always have it your way. Television dictates our feelings. We take a vacation in other people's misery or joy.

However, we're not a stupid people. We know, deep down, this is all false. A Kardashian home experience doesn't resemble your home experience. You're not seeking the same jobs as those on the job shows, and (hopefully) not putting up with the hurricane of shit you hear from the man or woman who doesn't want to hire you or dislikes the way you run your business. You're not cooking in the million-dollar kitchen those "real" people are cooking in. We know, or feel, the falsity ... and again we search for authenticity. No matter how difficult our search becomes, we still confuse "reality," as proffered by our television culture, with authenticity, which requires no retakes, no contrivances, no filters, no settings to which the rest of us cannot relate.

Likewise with politics, authenticity does not a president make. Politics is a high art; the pursuit of the presidency is a calling. And simply saying what's on your mind is of no more value than contrived reality. It may be one man's or woman's authenticity, but it is of no intrinsic value.

Donald Trump, to many, is alluring. He is, at this writing, cleaning up in the polls. He represents our confusion: Is he "real" or "authentic"? To the fictional city of Washingwood, he's an orgasm, the perfect collision of

foreplay leading to climax, a false entertainment meeting a political reality. When Trump says what's on his mind, he's telling you he has enough fuck-you money to say what's on his mind with little to no regard for the consequences of doing so.

Take Trump's remarks regarding Senator John McCain, saying the senator has failed veterans, has made the country less safe, and is not a war hero. I had the pleasure and honor of sitting down with Senator McCain and chatting for quite a while, and while I do not agree with much of his domestic agenda, he is honest, real, authentic, and, yes, a hero. To deny McCain's heroism (without rehashing his agony in Hanoi) is either an exercise in ignorance or a gratuitous slap of disrespect at not only McCain and what he sacrificed, but at what countless other men and women sacrificed and continue to sacrifice in our armed forces.

Trump's criticism of McCain was just plain stupid. But in our desperate search for authenticity, Trump is (at press time) either leading or in second place in every national poll, apparently because "he says it as it is." No, he doesn't. He just says it. So does my neighbor when he's drunk. Do you want *him* in the Oval Office?

A portion of the high art of politics is bullshit. We know our elected leaders soften, caress, and manipulate their opinions on matters foreign and domestic. That's diplomacy. The good ones, well, their value lies in what they don't say, in the policy they craft. Opening your mouth and spouting your unfiltered opinion on everything from Mexicans to captured soldiers advances neither a debate nor a cause ... or, for that matter, a solution. The fact that you were able to make "great hotel deals," destroying your competition, and express a willingness to tell everyone about it is just babbling (and arrogance and braggadocio).

Diplomacy and executive action are not the results of making great deals, but rather the art of massaging bad deals. Trump doesn't seem to understand this notion. He seems to feel the executive branch is one long oak table. We sit on one side, our adversary sits on the other, and we grind our adversary into submission. But the presidency is a delicate job. We learned that in 1962 when the United States and the Soviet Union nearly came to nuclear blows over the status of Cuba. John

Donald Trump



Substituting reality for authenticity in a man who has nuclear-launch codes? That is goddamn dangerous.



Kennedy understood finesse, Nikita Khrushchev was taught finesse, and both paid the ultimate price. Words, gestures, pontifications, and/or bloated reactionary answers to complicated questions cause wars. And unlike my drunk neighbor, I cannot tell the president he's had enough and send him packing. Saying what is on your mind, damn the consequences, is not an art form. It is best left to the false reality show.

Every human being with a thought process has an opinion. People of power who simply express their

opinion without examining the consequences care very little for those to whom they express it. They care that it is televised, publicized, argued over, agreed with (or not). Mostly, however, they care that they have the power of a platform from which to express it.

Many Americans live vicariously through reality shows. (Otherwise, why televise them?) However, substituting reality for authenticity in a man who has nuclear-launch codes, the ability to order other men and women into peril and death, the ability to send our political economy into the gutter, and a bully pulpit to denigrate other nations and nationalities? That is goddamn dangerous.

America, why do we ache for what we know is false? Why do we delude ourselves? Why are we unable to simply search for true authenticity and, if it is nonexistent, simply say so, instead of biting the apple we know is toxic? When did we give up on policy and substitute it with the obnoxious sound bite?

Which brings me back to Saint Teresa's lament: Our prayers for authenticity may result in tears if those prayers are answered. Donald Trump is a prayer, trust me, that you do not want answered. ☩

MONSTERS AND MYSTERIES FESTS

A paranormal expert and cryptozoologist hits the road and visits ten strange events that pay homage to lake monsters, dead aliens, giant ape men, and UFOs.

By Nick Redfern

Close Encounters of the Money-making Kind

We begin with the legendary crash of a flying saucer at Roswell, New Mexico, in the summer of 1947. Or, more correctly, the *alleged* crash. Indeed, while UFO sleuths scream “Aliens!”, the Air Force claims that nothing stranger than a large surveillance balloon and a bunch of crash-test dummies were the cause of all the fuss.

No matter. The fine folk of that nineteenth-century town know a good thing when they see it—and they know that controversy sells, too. That much is evident by the fact that, every July, thousands of saucer-seekers descend on the town for the annual Roswell UFO Festival.



Participants in the Roswell UFO Festival



PHOTOGRAPHS BY AP PHOTO/ROSWELL
DAILYRECORD/MARK WILSON

Stroll along bustling Main Street at the height of the event and you can grab a burger at the flying saucer-shaped McDonald's (yes, really). Check out Roswell's streetlights, fashioned to resemble black-eyed alien heads. And, if you develop a thirst, pay a visit to the Alien Caffeine Espresso Bar.

It's safe to say that, thanks to the sloppy piloting skills of extraterrestrials, business positively booms at the UFO Festival. But what if, one day, the Roswell affair is solved and is shown to have been a mundane event, as the Air Force has consistently asserted? What will become of the festival once that lure of mystery is gone?

Well, the town *is* the birthplace of actress Demi Moore and the late singer John Denver. So, there's always that to fall back on. Or, maybe not. That's not exactly Mulder, Scully, and deep, dark cover-ups, is it?

Bigfoot Titillation

On October 20, 1967, history was made at Bluff Creek, California. A man named Roger Patterson filmed a large-breasted, female Bigfoot (christened "Patty") crossing the creek and vanishing into the surrounding woods. Or, history *wasn't* made and the well-endowed Bigfoot was just a man (or, more logically, a woman) in an ape suit. It scarcely matters, except to the Sasquatch faithful, who have dissected every aspect of the footage (including those impressive hairy tits) to the point of *udder* tediousness.

What *does* matter is the phenomenally successful Willow Creek Bigfoot Days affair that takes place in Trinity River, California. Once a year, it celebrates the Patterson film, and the long history of the legendary wild creature of the woods. It's a decidedly alternative festival, too. Not content with just focusing on the hairy giant, the organizers offer attendees oysters and Bloody Marys, a lawn-mower race, the "Little Foot Disc Golf Tournament," a logging competition, and a parade, among other activities.

In other words, the WCBD is a good excuse to have a fun time, learn a bit about Sasquatch and lawn mowers, and just maybe, if you're *really* lucky, catch a glimpse of one of Patty's boob-parading, exhibitionist offspring.

Something in the Air

Men in Black are roaming the streets. Downtown is cordoned off. Sightings of a terrifying, glowing-eyed, winged creature abound. Nope, we're not talking about one of those awful, cheap movies the Syfy channel insists on regularly bombarding us with. This is the Mothman Festival.

Now into its 14th year, the Mothman event is the highlight of the calendar for the residents of Point Pleasant, West Virginia, and the approximately 4,000 people who turn up every September to see what's going down.

Back in the 1960s, sightings of the Mothman caught the attention of a journalist and author named John Keel. A skilled writer, Keel, in 1975, penned a book on the mystery entitled *The Mothman Prophecies*. In 2002, it was turned into a big-bucks movie of the same name starring



The author at the Mothman Festival



Richard Gere and Laura Linney.

The success of the movie prompted the city to hold a yearly celebration in honor of the freaky, flying whatsit. And, yes, the streets *really are* closed down, people *do* dress up as the dark-suited characters made famous by Will Smith and Tommy Lee Jones, and you're all but guaranteed to see more than a few people disguised as the Mothman itself.

A huge aluminum statue of the winged thing dominates downtown and is a monster-mecca for attendees. Local rock bands offer a fine barrage of tunes. There's a pageant for those who might want to be crowned "Miss Mothman." And, of course, there are the obligatory Mothman fridge magnets, T-shirts, and other assorted, mothy memorabilia.

As for the, *ahem*, "real" Mothman, he has yet to grace the festival with his presence.

Mad Monster Party

Scotland's Loch Ness Monster, Nessie, might be the world's most famous lake monster. Pepie, of Lake City, Minnesota, however, is the supersized serpent of the deep that has all the fun. The dark denizen of the city's Lake Pepin has been entertaining and terrifying people for around 150 years, and now has a yearly festival in her, his, or its honor: the Lake Pepin Monster Fest.

Expect a good time and probably a hangover if you decide to check it out. The gig kicks off at 10 A.M. and continues until, as the official festival website tells us, "the restaurants and pubs close!" Lake City's Lake Pepin Winery offers monster fans complimentary glasses of the good stuff. Red Wing Brewing, in the nearby town of Red Wing, even has its very own Pepie Porter to savor on the big day. And if you need to soak up all that alcohol, check out the Big Bear Pizzeria & Deli, where you can order monster-based delights from the "Pepie the Lake Monster menu."

The inaugural festival, held this past May 24, was a hotbed of entertaining weirdness. The "Mystic Sisters," Dawnette Cook and Tamara Gleason, were on hand to provide psychic readings. Face-painting was all the rage for those who wanted to look like Pepie. Scenic boat cruises ran regularly

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WEST VIRGINIA.**

throughout the day, offering eager-eyed attendees the chance to peer into the depths of the lake and hopefully see the monster. And there was also the “guided lake-monster walking tour.”

Then there’s the matter of money. And lots of it. Local businessman Larry Nielson has teamed up with the Lake City Tourism Bureau to create an enticing challenge: There’s \$50,000 on the table for anyone who can provide indisputable evidence that Pepie exists. Think of how much Pepie Porter you could buy with that.



The beast of Boggy Creek

THE FESTIVAL OFFERS ATTENDEES A TOUR OF THE TOWN'S MONSTER HOT SPOTS, MOUNTAINS OF HOME-COOKED FOOD, AND—SOMEWHAT BAFFLINGLY—A KARAOKE COMPETITION.

An Arkansas Monster? Fouke Me!

A town of only 859 people, situated in good ol’ Miller County, Arkansas: It hardly sounds like a hive of excitement, right? Wrong. Fouke, the town in question, has a monster in its midst. And the locals just love to tell you about it. They’ll even sell you coffee mugs, hats, and buttons that promote their resident creepy critter.

Back in 1972, a man named Charles B. Pierce produced and directed a Bigfoot-themed movie called *The Legend of Boggy Creek*—a low-budget affair that has since become something of a cult classic for horror aficionados and Sasquatch seekers. It tells the supposedly true story of a hairy, wild man-beast living in the swamps and creeks of Fouke and terrifying the living you-know-what out of the town’s residents.

In 2012, author Lyle Blackburn (who doubles as the singer in a Dallas-based horror-rock band, Ghoultown) reignited interest in the story when he wrote a full-length book on the case, *The Beast of Boggy Creek*. It wasn’t long at all before the townsfolk had a collective brain wave.

One year later, the Boggy Creek Festival was born. As well as providing lectures from the likes of Blackburn and other Bigfoot chasers, the now-yearly gig (this year’s will be October 23 to 25) offers attendees a tour of the town’s monster hot spots, mountains of home-cooked food, and—somewhat bafflingly—a karaoke competition.

The Weirdest Weekend of All

Hartland is a picturesque old village situated in the heart of the southwest countryside of North Devon, England. With its centuries-old abbey, pottery shops, and atmospheric tearoom, this little hamlet is a timeless reminder of a bygone age. Well, it is until the third weekend of every August. That’s when all hell breaks loose, cryptozoologist-style. Welcome to the Weird Weekend.

Organized since 2000 by Jonathan Downes—the son of a senior British government diplomat—the Weird Weekend is *the* place to be for the latest news on the Abominable Snowman, the Loch Ness Monster, the chupacabra, and a wide variety of other legendary beasts that may or may not exist.

To say that the Weird Weekend typifies British eccentricity is an understatement. After all, where else could you listen to lectures entitled “Merseyside’s Rabbit-Killing Goblin,” “On the Trail of the Australian Whistling Spider,” and “Cetacean Erotica”? Nowhere, that’s where. Oh, and in case you’re curious, “Cetacean Erotica” is about the sex life of marine mammals, such as whales and porpoises. Or, as Downes prefers to call it, “dolphin porn.”

Lighting Up Labor Day

Looking to do something a bit different for the next Labor Day holiday? If so, you could do worse than check out the yearly Marfa Lights Festival. A small West Texas city, Marfa is home to the legendary “Marfa Lights”—strange, UFO-like balls of fire that flit around the landscape and the mountains, usually by night, perplexing visitors and residents alike.



The Marfa Lights



Theories as to what the lights may be range from ball lightning to alien drones, from the souls of the dead to the one theory *no one* wants to hear: that they are nothing stranger than car headlights. *Bah!* Of course, as with most enigmas, it’s the mystery, rather than the answer, that matters. And the thousands of people who have attended the weekend-long Marfa Lights Festival since it was created in 1987 can certainly attest to that.

Highlights of the event include music and dance at the Presidio County Courthouse, trips out to the “official Marfa Lights viewing area” on Highway 90, nine miles east of Marfa, and plenty to eat and drink.

Unfortunately, the festival may soon be no more. Sorry, *X-Files* fans, it’s nothing to do with the CIA or government conspiracies. Financial cutbacks and

the city's concerns about how its tourism budgets are or aren't allocated might prove to be the downfall of the Marfa Lights Festival. The legend of the lights, however, will almost certainly continue.

A Texas Monster Bash

It's one thing to hold a festival in honor of the United States' most famous monster, Bigfoot. It's quite another thing, however, to celebrate a beast rumored to be half-human and half-goat. But that's precisely what the people of Lake Worth, Texas, do on the first weekend of every October with the Lake Worth Monster Bash. Unsurprisingly, the critter goes by the name of the Goat-Man.

The origins of the legend date back to the summer of 1969, when the *Fort Worth Star-Telegram* newspaper ran the headline "Fishy Man-Goat Terrifies Couples Parked at Lake Worth."

Stories spread of frightened teenagers seeing the beast bounding its way through the woods, leaping from trees, and hurling tires. The local police were soon on the trail and tail of the creature. And gun-toting characters, patrolling the lake, threatened to blow the head off practically anything that moved.

The reports came to a sudden end that September, and the creature returned to the obscurity from which it first surfaced. This is, until October 3, 2009, when Lake Worth city officials resurrected the monster—in a fashion, at least. The four-dollars-per-head Lake Worth Monster Bash was unleashed, to the delight of the locals.

Excited children took hayrides to the main sites where, 40 years earlier, the Goat-Man tried to violently slaughter one and all. They were also invited to play a game of Pin the Tail on the Goat-Man and build their very own model monsters. And the Skip Pullig Band was on hand to perform their popular ditty, entitled (what else?) "The Goatman."

Six years later, the hoofed humanoid and his freaky festival are still the town's biggest draws. Proof that, if nothing else, unlikely animals and city profits go together hand-in-glove.

A Festival and a Flying Saucer (or Maybe a Mirror)

Seeing a UFO is astounding enough on its own; photographing it even more so. Incredible luck or a case of just too good to be true? Those are the questions that surround a couple of now-infamous photos taken by a farmer named Paul Trent, of McMinnville, Oregon, on the evening of May 11, 1950.

It was Trent's wife, Evelyn, who alerted her husband to the circular-shaped object soaring across the sky. He grabbed his camera, and managed to snap two astounding photos that made UFO seekers all across the nation foam at the mouth.

For the past 17 years, the people of McMinnville have celebrated Paul Trent's good fortune by holding the four-day-long McMenamins UFO Festival in his honor at the town's Hotel Oregon. Saucer watchers flock to the town and ufological luminaries lecture to the faithful. The lineup has included *Coast to Coast AM*'s George Noory and Dr. Roger Leir, described on the festival's website as an "alien-implant-removal specialist."



More than 10,000 people at the UFO Alien Parade at the McMenamins UFO Festival

Then there's the festival's Alien Abduction Dash, a mile-long race around town for those who feel like a bit of exercise before hearing all the latest lowdown on alien encounters. Or why not dress your favorite furry friend in something out of this world for the Pet Costume Contest? The contest is "open to any and all pets who are willing to undergo the transformation of becoming an alien creature!" Failing that, there's always the Best Alien Couple competition. Talk about a close encounter.

Now we come to McMinnville's very own elephant in the room. UFO skeptics have noted that Paul Trent's "flying saucer" closely and very suspiciously resembles the side-view mirror of a 1950 Ford Coupe—a car also seen in his famous photos, without a mirror. Done with mirrors? Say it ain't so!

In the Shadow of Roswell

Pity the good folk of Kecksburg, Pennsylvania. Just about everyone has heard of the alleged UFO crash at Roswell, New Mexico, in the summer of 1947. But what of Kecksburg's very own flying saucer that supposedly slammed into the town's woods in December 1965? Say what? The people of Kecksburg and their obscure saucer story just can't compete with the granddaddy of all UFO cases. That hasn't stopped them from trying.

Every July, the Kecksburg UFO Festival is held in the rural town, and sponsored by the volunteer fire department. A hot dog-eating contest, fireworks displays, a tractor pull, and lectures from UFO experts and Bigfoot investigators are par for the course. And the event attracts audiences in the hundreds. Not bad—except that the Roswell gig boasts visitors in the tens of thousands every year. But, for the sake of the people of Kecksburg, let's not torment them by going down that path.

In many ways, the Kecksburg case is even more intriguing than Roswell. There's the possibility that aliens came to grief in Kecksburg, of course; there is, however, another enduring rumor suggesting that what really came down in those mysterious woods 50 years ago was a Soviet space satellite, one that the Pentagon was very pleased to secretly get its hands on.

Little green men or Cold War-era commies? The jury is still out. 

AT THE KECKSBURG UFO FESTIVAL, A HOT DOG-EATING CONTEST, FIREWORKS DISPLAYS, A TRACTOR PULL, AND LECTURES FROM UFO EXPERTS ARE PAR FOR THE COURSE.



A replica of the Kecksburg UFO



WORDS HAVE POWER

The language of war has seeped into the language of peace, but being careful about the terminology of war and the military is a small way to honor all who have served.

By Matt Gallagher

Last week my wife and some friends dragged me to a SoulCycle class in Brooklyn. I didn't die, despite the instructor's clear desire to end my existence on that stationary bike while rocking out to "Billie Jean." What can I say? I'm Irish. If 700 years of British colonialism and systemic potato poverty couldn't kill off my people, some new-age fitness rite isn't going to do the deed, either.

Hyperbole aside, it was a kickass workout, and once my body recovers (estimated date: March 2017) I'll consider partaking in a sequel. But near-death experiences at SoulCycle isn't the point of this column. The language of war is, and how it seeps into the language of peace.

Adorning the walls of the SoulCycle gym were maxims meant to inspire, catchphrases meant to motivate. RENEGADE. ROCK STAR. WARRIOR. And inspire they did, if the friendly looking hipsters in the row ahead of me saying those words to themselves and one another, over and over again, were any indicator. And good for them. Whatever gets a person juiced....

But. But. The "warrior" thing. There were no warriors in that gym, and I'm including myself and my other Iraq-vet pal in that. We were just two dudes in exercise gear trying to get in a good workout, the same as everyone else. And sure, language is

malleable, and certainly the term was being used figuratively. But in a twenty-first-century republic whose relationship to the wars being carried out in its name can generously be described as "detached," the cantankerous old man yelling at clouds in me wonders if we all need to be a bit more careful and exact with our terminology.

For instance ... rappers are soldiers. (Related: What the hell ever happened to Soulja Boy?) Political operatives are assassins. And professional athletes and sports are so adorned in military language and pseudo-martial culture that it's hard to even notice it anymore, even when you're looking for it. The author Ben Fountain brilliantly satirized the intersection of sports and yellow-ribbon America in his 2012 novel *Billy Lynn's Long Halftime Walk* (currently being made into a movie by director Ang Lee). Here's one of my favorite passages from it:

"Billy tries to imagine the vast systems that support these athletes. They are among the best-cared-for creatures in the history of the planet, beneficiaries of the best nutrition, the latest technologies, the finest medical care; they live at the very pinnacle

While the sports world attempts to dramatize its happenings with overreaching comparisons to armed conflict, the complete inverse occurs within the military. Sports analogies exist in an effort to normalize the abnormal. Finding significant or sensitive information on a raid is a touchdown. Nicknames for local Iraqi and Afghani roads, like IED Alley, are coined and used by ground troops; senior command prefers less-morbid terms like Route Padres or Bengals Way. Point being, it's not just civilian America that distorts language. After all, when I was in Iraq, on many a radio report in the desert I described 60-year-old shepherds as "military-age males," no matter how harmless they may have been, no matter how unmilitant they appeared. That was just part of the job.

Why does any of this matter? Only stupid people and those awful, hyper-literal goons refuse to acknowledge that words and language are layered and textured, and can do different things at different times. Who cares if someone is flippantly labeled a killer, or a football game is analogized to a battlefield, or warlike mottoes in all caps decorate the walls of a fucking

Professional sports are so adorned in military language and pseudo-martial culture that it's hard to even notice it anymore.

of American innovation and abundance, which inspires an extraordinary thought—send them to fight the war! Send them just as they are this moment, well-rested, suited up, psyched for brutal combat, send the entire NFL! Attack with all our bears and raiders, our ferocious redskins, our jets, eagles, falcons, chiefs, patriots, cowboys. How could a bunch of skinny hajjis in man-skirts and sandals stand a chance against these all-Americans? Resistance is futile, oh, Arab foes. Surrender now and save yourself a world of hurt, for our mighty football players cannot be stopped. They are so huge, so strong, so fearsomely ripped, that mere bombs and bullets bounce off their bones of steel. Submit, lest our awesome NFL show you straight to the flaming gates of hell!"

If that somehow happens, let's make sure the kickers and punters aren't on the front lines. We're still trying to win the wars, you know. This isn't France.

exercise gym, as long as reasonable, thinking people can still discern the difference between the actual and the metaphorical?

I don't have an answer to that, honestly. But for whatever reason, as I nursed my post-SoulCycle beer and tried to talk down my hamstrings from committing hara-kiri, my mind drifted to an interview I conducted last year with Tim O'Brien, the famed Vietnam War author. He's an intelligent man who's been considering these big questions for a long time. "Killing people is a big deal," he said. "Dying's a big deal. I can't think of bigger deals. What about patience? What about thoughtfulness? Is there another way to do this? These questions matter."

These questions do matter. They matter a lot. I figure in some small but not unimportant way, being insistent about how the phrases and terminology of war and the military are used is a way we can all honor that. ☺



PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL BUCKNER/GETTY IMAGES

ORGANIC AND ORGASMIC

Our October Pet of the Month, Anna Lee, just might be the sexiest pre-med/organic-chemistry student we've ever seen. "I have several years of school ahead of me," she tells us, "and working as a model is a great way to pay for school. I love being in front of the camera. Deciding to model for *Penthouse* was easy! I'm a humble fan of the magazine, and I love looking at beautiful women. Who doesn't?" She makes an excellent point. All we know is, she can play doctor with us any time she wants.

Photographs by Preston Geoffrey Parker





“I think the sex scenes in *50 Shades of Grey* were the hottest I’ve ever seen—which makes sense, because my fantasy is to be tied up and teased till I just can’t take it anymore.”



"I don't usually have sex on the first date, but if the timing and setting feels right, I'll go for it! Then I'll let him know what I want through body language. I'm not good with words if I'm nervous."







“The most exciting place I’ve ever made love is on a nature trail near the beach in broad daylight. I’m always up for anything adventurous.”



↓ TEAR HERE ↓

TEAR HERE ↓

PENTHOUSE

♂ ANNA LEE OCTOBER 2015 PET OF THE MONTH





"If I could have sex with anyone, dead or alive, it would be Paul Walker. I've heard he was a really great guy. And if I could be anyone, it would be Nikola Tesla, so I could understand that wild mind of his!"



PENTHOUSE

OF ANNA LEE OCTOBER 2015 PET OF THE MONTH





Anna Lee



Vital stats:

32B-24-30; 5'6"

21 years old

Hometown:

Cocoa Beach, Florida.

Your favorite thing about your hometown:

Living near the beach.

Your favorite vacation spot:

One of my favorite cities is Las Vegas. I love the city's lights, and there are endless things to do.

Your dream vacation spot:

Any famous historical landmark, because I find history fascinating.

If you could have any job, it would be:

I'd love to pursue an artistic passion and create beautiful things. I grew up in a home of artists.

Your favorite food and drink:

Sushi and pineapple juice.

Your favorite sport:

The great American pastime, baseball!

Do you play any sports?

I was into competitive cheerleading in high school.

Your favorite TV shows:

Family Guy and *Tosh.O.* I'm big into comedy.

What do you do in your spare time?

Yoga, pole dancing, and read classic novels.

What's the most remarkable sexual experience you've ever had?

Surprisingly for me, when I was with another woman.

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Dan Smith
Presents

BACK IN A FLASH

Tattoos now permeate mainstream culture completely, but let's not lose sight of the medium's history.

Artist: Todd Noble

Tattooing for: Twenty years

Find him at: Right Coast Tattoo Parlour,
Fenwick Island, Delaware

Instagram: @noble1

Email: toddnoble@me.com

When did you first know you wanted to be a tattooer, and what would you say influenced this decision?

I was interested in tattooing in my late teens and early twenties, but didn't really pursue it until my late twenties. I just knew there was a right way and a wrong way to go about learning; the right way hadn't presented itself yet. My main influence was the desire to learn a new art form, really. I felt it was the same as painting or sculpture. Boy, was I mistaken.

When and where did you get your first start tattooing? Tell me about your apprenticeship, or the early days discovering the craft.

It was when I was living in Seattle in 1994. My roommates and I were living in Fremont and frequenting a British-style pub called the George & Dragon. We befriended an ex-con from Texas who had the sickest jailhouse tattoos. He still had his "rig"—his homemade tattoo machine—and had seen my artwork, so he decided I was going to tattoo him in our kitchen one day.

After that, I knew that wasn't the way to learn. A few years later, I moved back to Maryland and started working with some friends from high school who had just opened a shop. I did the basics, like make needles and clean the shop, and I drew a lot. Not much longer after that, I left with one of my friends and we opened our own shop. The learning curve was harsh. It was trial by fire.

Although you're a seasoned tattooer and capable of many styles, would you say you specialize in anything?

I try to stick to American traditional and traditional-esque Japanese; I'm not Japanese, so I don't know all the cultural nuances that interplay with design and narrative of Japanese imagery.

What are your thoughts on the diverse tattoo styles that are out there today, and where do you see the next ten years going?

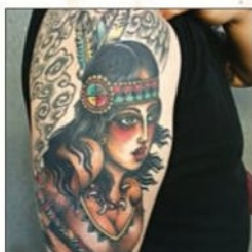
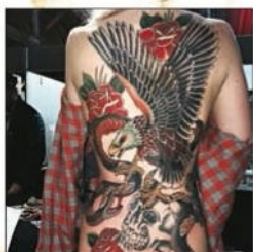
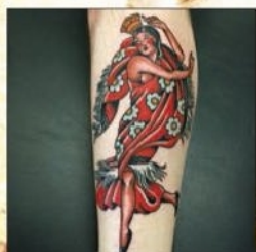
I don't think much about other styles, honestly. I keep my head down and do my thing. If I had to think about other styles, I guess the Southern California black-and-gray is some of my favorite imagery. I don't excel at it so I don't do it, but, man, it looks good in the skin. I'm not sure where tattooing is headed. There are so many highly technical tattooers out there, but their designs lack soul and that small amount of themselves. I hate to say it, but there is a mass homogenization happening in tattooing, and perhaps other art forms. It's probably some new-world-order, manifest-destiny shit.

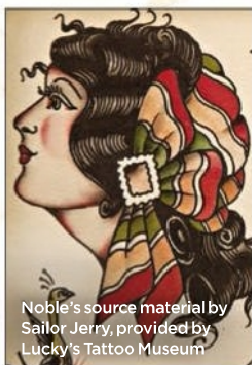
You're widely known for your girl faces. Tell me about the image that you selected for this project, and why you chose it.

I selected a piece by Sailor Jerry Collins, who was a legendary tattooer. I'm not positive he designed this image, as he was known to "borrow" from Cap Coleman from time to time. I chose it because it's a classic Americana design. Simple, clean, readable, and will remain that way throughout time. There's nothing overly detailed or extra to confuse the eye, just a pretty lady with a simple color scheme.

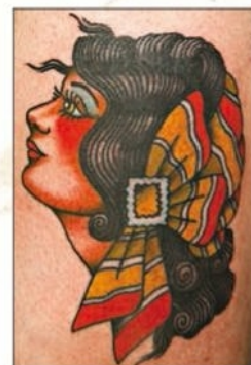
Tell us about your approach to your interpretation of the design.

I changed a few things. The original design had a few loose hairs that I didn't particularly care for, and I tightened up her curls a bit. I opened the mouth slightly and gave her a lower eyelid. Sailor Jerry was known to leave off integral parts of a design. That's how he could tell if someone stole one of his designs, apparently.





Noble's source material by Sailor Jerry, provided by Lucky's Tattoo Museum



The bandana I kept almost the same, as it didn't need a thing. I changed up the facial tones, as I imagine this sheet of flash has seen some fading over the years. Light skin tones tend to fade on a painting over time.

The art of tattoo flash goes back such a long way, and really is the backbone of tattooing. Why does this process appeal to people so much? Do you think it will one day be phased out due to modern innovation and trends?

Well, in my shop the average Joe shoves his or her smartphone in my face and says, "This is what I want." Nine times out of ten, it's a horrible rendition of a horrible rendition of some pop star or pro athlete's tattoo. So to the masses, it has faded out. Hopefully to the viewers of this esteemed publication and to the tattoo purists out there, tattoo flash is still something to hold dear. It's the tried-and-true visual menu of our craft. It particularly appeals to me because it's a glimpse into the past and what was happening at that time. The early seventies flash is full of drug-influenced designs and biker-inspired art.

I think flash will always be around, but it might be hard to gain support with the smartphone masses, unless they come out with an 11- by 14-inch tablet.

For some artists, painting offers a release that tattooing cannot give them. For others, it's not so important. How important is it to you personally?

I've painted since I was six. My parents were, and are, very supportive of me progressing as an artist. I paint in spurts because it's hard for me to separate tattooing from painting. If I'm busy tattooing, that's all I want to do. Likewise, if I'm painting, I don't want to tattoo. It's all about focusing on the task at hand.

Just last year I finished my sixth book, *The Look of Love Book*. It's a collection of girl-head paintings and corresponding line work for tattoo designs. Now I'm working on my second edition of that book. And I have some ideas for non-tattoo-related paintings, but finding the time to do these is practically impossible. Which is a bit of a bummer, because it's a part of me that feels trapped inside. The struggle is real!

How important is celebrating the history of tattooing to you? Do you think the groundbreaking tattooers had something figured

out that's lost in today's world?

History is important and should be to anyone truly vested in this craft. I can't speak for the old-timers, but I'm sure some of them had it figured out. They also had technical limitations back in the day—except for D.E.H. [Don Ed Hardy]. I'm blown away by what he was able to do and create.

What do you think of when looking at old flash or tattoos? Is there an era that stands out to you? Does that lend anything to your own work?

I see a lot of things when reviewing old flash, mainly 1920s to 1950s era. I look at the technical aspect of it—line weight, how much shading, color scheme. Artists back then were very limited on the colors because there just weren't that many available, four to five at most, but they made the designs work with what they had. I love the minimalist aspect of that, and I try to keep that aspect in my tattooing, even with the leaps and bounds in technical and color advances in the industry. I really think those aspects will stand the test of time.

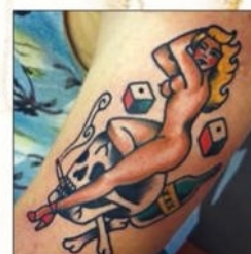
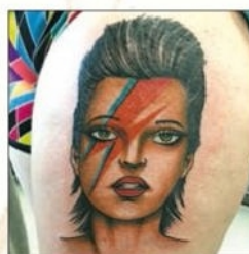
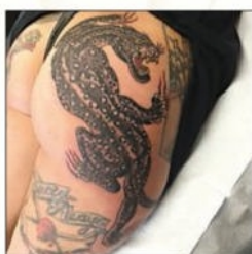
You've spent many years traveling around the world tattooing. Was there anything you discovered outside the U.S. that influenced your work?

I have traveled quite a bit around the world. I wouldn't say that I was influenced by things I saw while traveling so much, but the aspect of traveling made me more efficient: packing only what I really needed, and streamlining my designs so I could tattoo more people while traveling. Stripping down my approach to tattooing has really refined my style.

Do you think the era or where you grew up had a major impact on your style?

I grew up near a huge summer tourist town, and that's where I tattoo today. People on vacation want a quick tattoo and don't want to spend a lot of money. It's a great place to become proficient at small tattoos and to learn a good street-shop hustle, which every tattooer should have at least five years experience with.

The tattoo model for this project was Colin Scott, Instagram.com/fuzzyjuice



*Berkely Horse*

SCA SEXUAL

Sex in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries wasn't nearly as straitlaced and unimaginative as you might think. Neither were the attempts to prevent masturbation.

**By Lindsey Fitzharris, PhD
Illustrations by Adrian Teal**

Do you ever wonder what your ancestors got up to in the boudoir? If you do, you probably assume that it was pretty boring, and focused on procreation rather than pleasure. In fact, people in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries engaged in some pretty kinky stuff. They also employed some intimidating sexual devices and practices.

TERRIFYING TOYS

The **Berkely Horse**, a flagellation machine, was invented in 1828 for Theresa Berkely's brothel in London. In the madam's memoirs, there was a salacious illustration (since lost) of a naked man with a "woman sitting in a chair exactly under it, with her bosom, belly, and bush exposed." In it, the prostitute massages the man's penis "while Mrs. Berkely is birching his posteriors."

The machine proved popular, though a night with it could end in tremendous bloodshed. In a surviving letter from the period, a customer proffered a price list for the following services: "a pound sterling for the first blood drawn, two pounds sterling if the blood runs down to my heels, three pounds sterling if my heels are bathed in blood, four pounds sterling if the blood reaches the floor, and five pounds sterling if you succeed in making me lose consciousness."

Flagellation machines like the Berkely Horse were not uncommon in the early nineteenth century. Some devices could reputedly accommodate up to 40 clients at a time. Talk about a bloodbath.

Condoms have been around for centuries and have been made of various materials, including sheep's gut. The earliest ones were tied shut with a silk ribbon, and were meant to be reusable. Some of them even had bawdy illustrations drawn on them. But

*Radium condom*

RY DEVICES

as disgusting as a reusable condom might seem to us today, these predecessors were far safer than some of their more modern counterparts, like the **radium condoms** made by Nutex in the 1940s. Why in the world would a company irradiate their condoms? To make the penis glow, of course. And to allegedly increase virility in men—though the side effects likely offset any purported benefits.

Old dolls can be disturbing under the best circumstances. But consider the **Molly doll**, used by eighteenth-century transvestites in mock marriages and birthing rituals.

The term “Molly” was a general one used by people in this period to refer to all men who enjoyed the sexual company of other men. Mollies would sometimes adopt women’s names, such as “Kitty Cambric” or the “Duchess of Devonshire,” and frequent “Molly Houses,” where they could act out their sexual and domestic fantasies in secret. These places often had bedrooms, a ladies’ dressing room, and a “chapel” for mock marriages. “Consummation” often took place in the presence of several other couples, and later, one of the Mollies would fake a pregnancy and give birth to a creepy wooden doll.

Sodomy was a capital crime in England during the eighteenth century, and practitioners could be punished severely. In 1726, Gabriel Lawrence was caught in a police raid while engaging in sodomy at Mother Clap’s Molly House in London, and was subsequently tried and executed for “sexual deviancy.”

HANDS-OFF HELP

It wasn’t all fun and games in the past. As the nineteenth century wore on, views on sex and masturbation took a vehemently moralistic turn. The Victorians especially were obsessed with preventing “self-abuse.” Many people believed that masturbation caused a wide range of mental and physical disorders, and could even prove fatal over time. All kinds of fear-inducing apparatuses sprang up during this period to keep people from pleasuring themselves.

At the turn of the twentieth century, Albert V. Todd of Colorado engineered the **Testicle Taser** to stop “masturbation practiced frequently by weak-minded boys or young men.” If the penis



Molly doll



Testicle Taser



Jugum penis



*Isaac Louis
Pulvermacher's copper
and zinc chains*



*Kellogg's
Corn Flakes*



Penis Fan



*Anti-tampering
codpieces*



*Grand State
Celestial Bed*

became erect, the device would shock the offending organ back into submission using a mild electric current. Todd suggested that the belt be regularly immersed in an acid solution to recharge it. He added, "If necessary, it may be covered with a chamois-skin to keep the belt from burning the flesh."

One of the most terrifying gizmos from the Victorian period was the **Jugum penis**, which was designed to prevent both masturbation and "nocturnal incontinence," or wet dreams. It was a circular metal device with internal claws that slipped around the base of the penis. Should a man become aroused in the middle of the night, this contraption would clamp down on his *membrum virile*, extinguishing both his desire and his erection in a very sudden and painful manner.

Much like the famed chastity belts worn by women of the sixteenth century, **anti-tampering codpieces** were designed to protect male genitals from being molested, even by the wearer. Popular in the late nineteenth century, these humiliating devices were forced onto boys in Catholic France so they would not commit the "sin" of masturbation. They were made from metal, attached to a belt, and would have encased the penis, preventing stimulation as well as erection. They also looked fairly ridiculous.

Although not technically an apparatus, no study of anti-masturbation measures is complete without Dr. John Harvey Kellogg, the inventor of **Kellogg's Corn Flakes**.

Kellogg was the director of Michigan's Battle Creek Sanitarium in the latter half of the nineteenth century, and was obsessed with preventing his patients from "self-abusing." He believed that the masturbator literally dies by his own hand, and advocated a diet rich in fiber and poor in taste for dampening those lustful urges. The good doctor created oatmeal-and-cornmeal biscuits for his inmates, which would later form the basis for his famed breakfast cereal, still enjoyed by millions of consumers today.

Incidentally, Kellogg also recommended that circumcision should be carried out on boys without anesthetic and at a more advanced age than normal, so that the pain would kill any dark desires lingering deep within them. And what about naughty girls who couldn't keep their hands off themselves? Kellogg had a cure for them, too—he suggested rubbing pure carbolic acid on the clitoris.

CRINGE-WORTHY "CURES"

Like today, people in the past suffered from all kinds of sexual problems. They also subjected themselves to procedures that were humiliating as well as painful, and which certainly wouldn't meet with the FDA's approval today.

The **Penis Fan** was created by Frank Orth in 1893. Its purpose was to reduce heat on the genitals, "prior to said organ reaching the dangerous period," to prevent infertility and other sexual problems. This apparatus consisted of a series of tubes and a small battery-operated fan that was positioned close to the penis. When a "dangerous period" arose, the fan whirled into action. Orth planned to create a water-based version, but that never came to fruition.

Invented in 1855, Isaac Louis Pulvermacher's **copper and zinc chains**, when dipped in water and vinegar and placed next to the skin, produced a mild electric current. The current was intended to treat aches and pains in the joints and muscles (rheumatism) and in the nerves (neuralgia). The chains were also recommended for sexual and reproductive problems, such as impotency and infertility. They came at a price, though. The cheapest was five shillings, which wasn't an inconsiderable sum of money in the nineteenth century. The writer Charles Dickens is known to


have used them—though for which condition, history is, sadly, tight-lipped.

The **Grand State Celestial Bed** was designed by the eighteenth-century sex therapist Dr. James Graham for his "Temple of Hymen." This theatrical and ludicrously expensive apparatus used electromagnetism to "cure" wealthy couples of sterility and impotency for the princely price of 50 pounds per night.

The quack doctor proclaimed, "The barren must certainly become fruitful when they are powerfully agitated in the delights of love." And agitated they most certainly were. The bed, which was 12 feet long and 9 feet wide, was bedecked with gilded mirrors, statuary, crystals, and gold and silver ornaments. Its mattress was stuffed with hair from the tails of English stallions. But its real innovation lay in the fact that sparkling "electrical fire" streamed from the torch held by a statue of Hymen, the God of Marriage, that was positioned on a canopy over the bed. Attention was also drawn, by crackling blue sparks of electricity, to the command "Be fruitful, multiply, and replenish the Earth!" emblazoned on the headboard.

Semi-naked women, whom Graham styled "Goddesses of Youth and Health," were also in attendance during a couple's copulation. One such "Goddess" was 16-year-old Emma Lyon, who later became mistress to Admiral Horatio Lord Nelson, a revered British naval commander.

BONUS KINK: HISTORIC EXHIBITIONISM

The **Testing Platter** was used in the initiation ceremonies of the eighteenth-century gentlemen's club the Beggar's Benison. To quote the club's own records, a new member was "prepared" by an officiator, known as a "recorder," and two helpers in "a closet, by causing him to propel his Penis until full erection." When ready, the initiate was escorted with "four puffs of the Breath-Horn" and ordered to place his genitals upon the Testing Platter, which was covered with a folded white napkin. The "Members and Knights" achieved their own state of erection, and each "touched the novice Penis to Penis." Then the initiate masturbated to completion and had to fill a "horn spoonful" to be allowed to join the club. 



Testing Platter

The author is a medical historian with a PhD from Oxford University. She is the creator of a popular blog about the horrors of pre-anesthetic surgery, *The Surgeon's Apprentice*, and she hosts her own YouTube series, *Under the Knife*, which takes a humorous look at our medical past.

THE ULTIMATE THREESOME

Penthouse has tapped into the liquor market with three premium distilled spirits that will class up your liquor cabinet and enable you to drink sexy.



Lexi Belle

Tasha Reign



Good liquor should go down easy and be just as suitable for a quiet night at home as a weekend of wild debauchery. (That's not a bad rule for a girlfriend, either.) After all, life's too short to waste time drinking weak vodka and cheap whiskey. That's why we joined up with Inland Beverage and pulled out all the stops to create the new line of Penthouse Spirits, which was introduced earlier this year with a swank launch party in Las Vegas, and has been causing a buzz ever since.

The line includes three key players: Dutch Vodka, Canadian Whisky, and an innovative Whiskey Tequila Fusion, all crafted to impress even the biggest liquor snobs. Our world-class vodka is imported from Holland, made from Dutch grains and the purest water in Europe, and distilled and charcoal-filtered to ensure a silky-smooth taste. Our Canadian Whisky is aged for three years in white-oak barrels, which is sure to please the many whiskey-philes in your life. (The global spirits market is expected to rake in more than \$300 billion this year, and whiskey accounts for an estimated 26 percent of that.) Our Whiskey Tequila Fusion—the first product of its kind on the market—is a bold blend of old-fashioned American whiskey and

the finest Mexican tequila, giving you the best of both worlds.

The Penthouse brand is globally recognized in 90 countries, so it's only natural that our spirits have an international twist. Our liquors are created in the United States, Holland, and Mexico; bottled in Holland by P. Melchers, a Dutch distillery that's been doing business for more than 175 years, using Italian glassware; and painted in Germany with a sleek, sophisticated black-and-gold design. You won't get a stamp on your passport, but it's the next best thing. And while we know it's what's on the inside that matters, that has never stopped us from appreciating what's on the outside, too. That's why we couldn't package our potables in any old glass bottle.

We gave our spirits a proper kickoff party in Las Vegas, filled with stiff drinks and stunning girls. Guests enjoyed free-flowing specialty cocktails while rubbing shoulders with 2014 Penthouse Pet of the Year Lexi Belle and May 2011 Pet of the Month Tasha Reign. If you're in Vegas, look for Penthouse Spirits on the menu at some of the hottest nightclubs, but if you can't get to Sin City anytime soon, no worries. Just bring the party back to your penthouse. After all, sin is only a cocktail away. 



Joe Winklepleck, co-owner of Inland Beverages, and his crew at the Penthouse Spirits launch party in Las Vegas



Pet Sam Phillips interviews Pia Zadora, who was featured in the October 1983 issue of *Penthouse*, on the red carpet at the launch party.

FUSION FARE

Our Whiskey Tequila Fusion is an unprecedented mixture, so we put together a couple of recipes to get you started.



THE PENTHOUSE MARGARITA

Ingredients:

- 1 to 2 limes (depends on how much pucker you prefer)
- 2 shots Penthouse Whiskey Tequila Fusion
- 1/2 to 1 shot agave nectar (how sweet do you like it?)

Directions:

Squeeze two medium, ripe limes. (For maximum juiciness, look for limes that are big, pale green, and thin-skinned.)

Add the booze and the agave, stir, and give it a quick taste test. The seductively sweet nectar should balance out the bold liquor. Tweak as needed.

If you're a wimp about pulp, strain the mixture.

Pour into a large Margarita glass over plenty of ice, stir, and serve immediately.

THE KAMASUTRA

This cocktail was created by Hassett Gravois of Mixology Connoisseur for a VIP party in Cannes, France, celebrating the 50th anniversary of the Penthouse brand.

Ingredients:

- 1 ounce Whiskey Tequila Fusion
- 3 ounces ginger ale
- 2 ounces cranberry juice
- lime wedge for garnish

Directions:

Pour liquid ingredients into a rocks glass over ice and stir. Garnish with a lime wedge.



A woman with long, wavy brown hair is lying down on a couch with orange and red vertical stripes. She is looking up towards the top right of the frame with a slight smile. The couch has a textured orange fabric on the seat and backrest.

A STEP ABOVE THE BREAST

Misha and Marina know exactly how to make the most of an evening at home: by exploring their most prurient desires and delving into their secret kinks.

Photographs by Davide Esposito













SEE MORE OF MISHA & MARINA AT **PENTHOUSE.COM**.





Multitalented, Multitasking

Kyle Dunnigan, coming soon to a theater, TV set, podcast, radio, or computer screen near you.

Interview by John Bolster

The long-standing showbiz term “triple threat” falls short as a descriptor for Kyle Dunnigan. He’s more like a five-tool player, to borrow from the baseball lexicon. He doesn’t dance—so far as we know—but he’s an actor (who creates comic characters and does impressions); he’s a stand-up comic (with appearances on *Conan*, *Jimmy Kimmel Live*, and *Late Night With Seth Myers*, among other shows); he’s a writer (on Comedy Central’s breakout sketch show *Inside Amy Schumer*, where he landed an Emmy nomination for his song “Girl, You Don’t Need Makeup”); he can improvise (which he does as a cohost of the podcast *Professor Blastoff*); and he can sing (check out his YouTube channel—which has attracted more than eight million views—for proof, in hilarious songs such as “Fuck You, Mistletoe” and “We Own the Moon”). Dunnigan is also a regular guest on *The Howard Stern Show*, and this past summer he had a small role in *Trainwreck*, Schumer’s film debut, directed by Judd Apatow. This month, he’s touring the East Coast, doing stand-up in D.C., Philadelphia, New York, and Boston. Check out KyleDunnigan.com for more information.



I have a two-part question to start: (1) How do you keep your energy fresh for all the many different projects you work on, and (2) do you look back at comedians from earlier eras and think, *Man, you guys had it easy?*

Well, first part of that question is, things fall to the wayside as I'm focusing on something. Like, when I'm writing for the Amy Schumer show, almost everything else goes offline. I stop doing videos, and ... the Howard Stern stuff doesn't take much time. They'll call me maybe the night before and say, "Can you call in as Perez Hilton?" or something. And the stand-up I still kind of do at night, but [generally] things go off- and online. That works for my brain, because I think I would get bored if I just did stand-up every day. It gives my brain a break, and works for me. I don't admire the comedians who, in the past, just did the one thing.

Do you think that, in today's comedy world, you kind of *have* to do all of these things?

Well, it depends on what kind of lifestyle you want. You see, I love money.

[Laughs]

More than my family. So I will do

anything [chuckles]. But, no, if I was a top-selling comedian, I probably would focus on that more. Or if I got a series-regular role. It would change the dynamic a bit. For now, though, this lifestyle works for me.

You mentioned that you do your stand-up at night, but when do you write your stand-up?

That is a great question. Honestly, most of the time I write it onstage. Like, I'll have an idea, and I'll just start talking about it onstage, and I'll sandwich it in between jokes that have worked before, so it's got a little cushion. I'll create an illusion, like, "Hey, I wasn't even trying to make a joke." If it works, great. If it doesn't, well, it was because I wasn't even trying to make a joke, right? I save my ego from being hurt that way.

Can you tell our readers about *Brothers Strong*, your web series about a mismatched pair of twins? Okay, but *readers*? They're probably—I'm probably in between people masturbating, isn't that right?

It's a possibility.

So this is—I'm getting people very depressed, like, postorgasm—

Or pre-, they could be pre- ...

[Laughs] Or pre-, that's true....

Brothers Strong was—it's this character Craig that I do. I had a deal with Comedy Central. I sold them the show. But then I liked this other idea better where I could play multiple characters, so I *made* that, as a selling thing, to convince them—"Hey, could I do this instead?" They said I could, but the show never got picked up. So you can see it on my reel—the "sizzle reel," as they call them—online.

When you're playing the character Kurt, Craig's brother, is that you singing?

Yeah, that's me singing.

I'm impressed. Garth Brooks has got nothing on you.

That's what I think! That's what me and my mother think. No, I enjoy a lot of different things, so that appeals to me to do a show where I could write music and sing it, and do characters.

And the songs themselves are comedy pieces.

Yeah, they're comedy songs. Like "We Own the Moon." And we kind of do own the moon. We went up there,

we put our flag there. That's how you stake a claim, right?

I think so. We got dibs.

That's our moon.

You cohost the podcast *Professor Blastoff* with Tig Notaro and David Huntsberger. It's kind of a novel take on the format, where you have a serious academic topic mixed in with comedy. How did that show come about?

Tig got an offer from Earwolf, which is a podcast network. And she came to me and David, because she knew we liked science and she thought that would be kind of a cool combination. And then we developed this concept of this character, Professor Blastoff, who's in outer space and we're taking over his lab. It's a ridiculous concept, but experts come in—and we're like class clowns. Hopefully it's an entertaining hour, and people learn something. But it's become humiliating, because I just tell humiliating stories about myself. I don't know how that happened, but ...

It's become your confessional.

Yeah, like no one else. David and Tig don't confess anything. But I let people know that I had to fart in a couch when I was dating some girl. At night, I had to get up and just fart into a couch. These types of things that are no one's business, and I shouldn't tell people.

What was your role in Amy Schumer's movie *Trainwreck* this past summer?

I was originally a kind of Stepford husband, but then when we got there, our kid—I had a wife, and our kid was so big that we just started making jokes about how we're scared of our kid. And it totally changed what we were doing. But then it [ended up] having nothing to do with the film and [the scene] was totally cut out. Which was understandable. The audience doesn't want to get taken off-track like that. But it was really fun, and I really like how Judd Apatow directs. He throws out lines and he lets improv happen. It's really fun and you don't feel stuck.

Did you get to meet Method Man and/or LeBron James?

Nooo! Very upsetting. No. But Bill [Hader] got to play one-on-one with LeBron. That's a pretty good perk. ☹️



JANINE LINDEMULDER

25 Random Facts About Me That Few People Know



Almost two decades after appearing in *Penthouse* as the June 1993 Pet of the Month, I started writing for the magazine in the hope that one day I could profile my fellow Pets in my very own column. My dream has finally come true!

By Sam Phillips

One look at this legendary adult star is enough to recognize December 1987 *Penthouse* Pet Janine Lindemulder, one of the few performers in the industry known by her first name alone. Equally unique, the star of cult classics *Caged Fury* and *Lauderdale* crossed over from mainstream films, albeit B movies, into the adult industry. Our 1990 Pet of the Year Runner-Up is also famous for being the hot nurse in latex gloves on the 1999 blink-182 album cover for *Enema of the State* (and in their video for "What's My Age Again?").

In porn, Janine perfected the commercialization of the "comeback"—each time she left and returned to the industry, she reinvented herself. She was the face of

girl-girl porn when she was a Vivid Entertainment contract star, and half of the feature-dancing duo Blondage with Julia Ann. Janine also helped pioneer the alt-porn category, carving out a niche for herself as a prominently inked actress.


These days, Janine has been enjoying life exploring the country in her 1959 Shasta travel trailer. I caught up with her at Dockweiler State Beach RV Park in Los Angeles. She told me, "I haven't had anyone photograph me this tattooed." On behalf of men everywhere, I thank her for the honor.

Keep up with Janine at [Facebook.com/Janine.Lindemulder.1](https://www.facebook.com/Janine.Lindemulder.1) or catch her web shows on [Streamate.com/cam/janinelive](https://www.streamate.com/cam/janinelive).


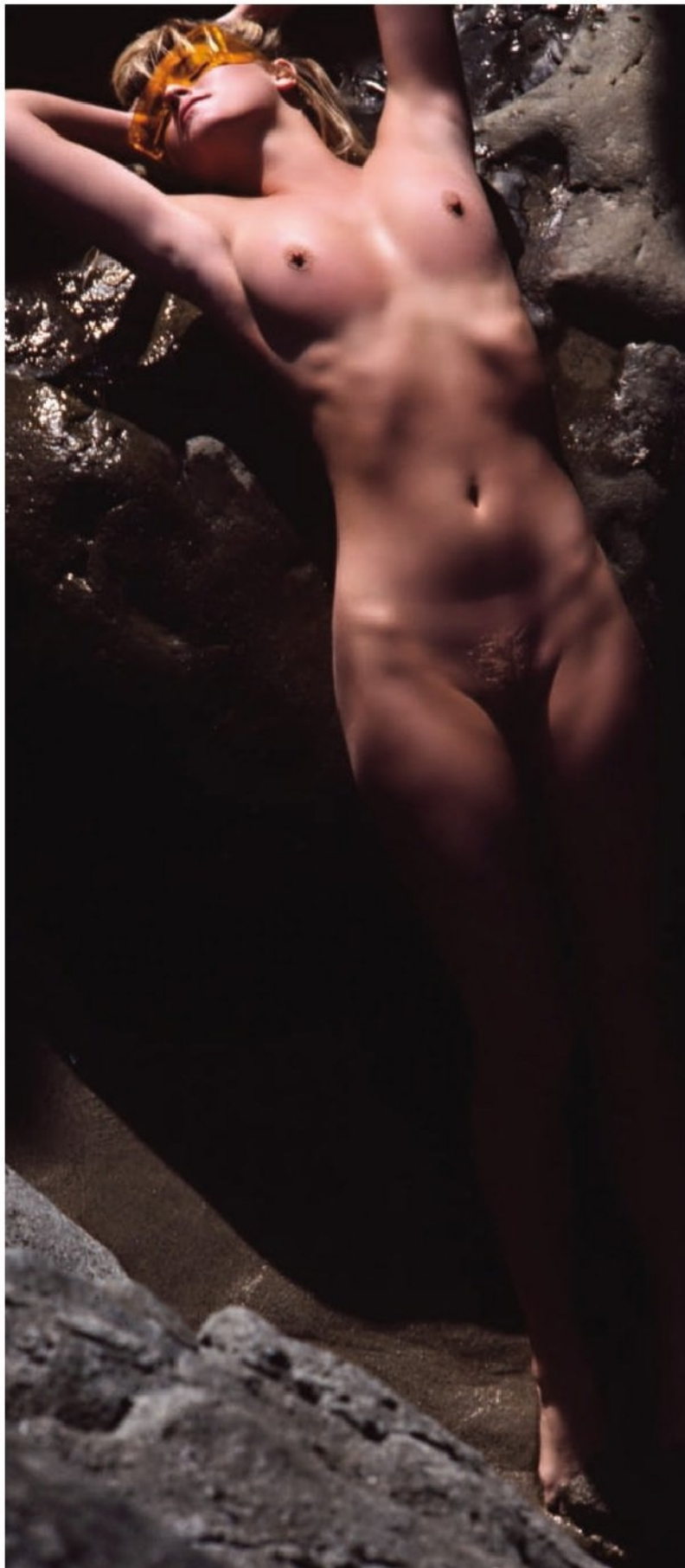
1. I will always bleed Dodger blue. When I was ten years old, I got to meet Steve Yeager. I was forever in love. LOL.
2. I got my first job when I was 15 and a half, and my dad reluctantly agreed to let me start working at Taco Bell. I loved it! But I soon got fired when I refused to wear a hairnet.
3. Turnoffs: Men who don't eat their vegetables. Straight-up pussies!
4. Turn-ons: Men who take matters into their own hands and get shit done. T.C.B.
5. What can a man do to capture my attention? Be sweet and humble, but secure—and funny. Leave the "tough guy" at the door.
6. The only song I sing in its entirety is "Trouble," by the one and only Elvis Presley.
7. I love the smell of fresh tar. It brings me back to being a kid on a hot summer day, playing kickball on my street.
8. My favorite arcade games are Pong, Pac-Man, and air hockey. I challenge any man to a game of air hockey! You will get your ass handed to you.

9. I'm allergic to cats, but I owe my three-year-old cat Fiddle my life. So I happily take medication to have her with me. I also have a seven-year-old bearded dragon, Blaze, that I love as if he's my own.
10. I was conceived in Hawaii while my dad was stationed there. I choose to believe that happened on February 14, 1968, since I was born exactly nine months later.
11. My favorite romantic gesture is being served breakfast in bed.
12. I'm a huge fan of Gene Wilder and John Candy.
13. My favorite quote is "I'm a lover not a fighter, but I'll fight for what I love."
14. My first car was a 1975 Mustang. I got it for a thousand bucks!
15. I love preparing Thanksgiving with family all around. It's my favorite meal to cook.
16. My sign is Scorpio. It's pretty much spot-on.



17. If I had to pick just one favorite snack, it would have to be my Olive Pit spicy pickled green beans. I buy them by the case.
18. I'm an "afternoon delight" kind of lover. It's my preferred time of the day to have sex.
19. People always ask me what it was like on-set with blink-182. All I can say is that they were a bunch of good boys who were very respectful, with wonderful manners.
20. Joshua Tree National Park has to be one of my favorite places to visit thus far. There's something very surreal about that place, like it's a different world. But as I write this, sitting at home on the coast of Oregon, I realize I can't decide on a favorite.
21. How far would I go to protect animals? I'd gladly go back to prison to protect animals.
22. Seka was my inspiration prior to my getting into the adult-movie biz.
23. My favorite sex toy is the plug-in vibrator I've had since I was 18.
24. My two favorite rainy-day hobbies are crocheting while listening to seventies music through my headphones, and painting.
25. My tattoos: I surprised myself one day as I realized I have many pieces that reference the Bible. On my knuckles is U.W.I.D., which I refer to quite a bit. 

Janine
Linden Oster

PENTHOUSESTORE.com

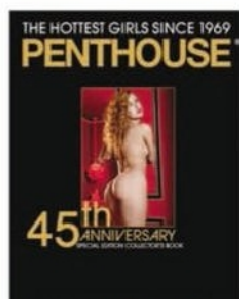
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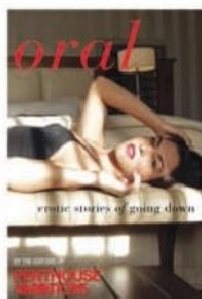
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SARAH





STEAMPUNK GETS STEAMY

The literary fandom of steampunk has been gathering, well, steam for a few years now, and has expanded into a thriving fashion movement. With 29-year-old, 34D-23-34 actress/model Sarah Hunter, aka Lady Clankington, as its ambassador in this sexy layout, we predict its popularity is about to hit new heights.

Photographs by Scott Church



"My astrological sign is Taurus, which suits me. I'm very sensual, and I love the finer things in life: good food, a nice wine, and lots of sex."





"There's a nudist resort in the Dominican Republic that I love. The fresh fruit and hibiscus flowers are divine, and they make the best cocktails from young, green coconuts. You can't go wrong with the view, either."





"I decide if
I'm ready to
have sex with
someone
new when we
kiss. If he's a
good kisser,
it's on. If not,
or if his house
turns out to
be disgusting,
there's no
way."



“When I think of hot movie sex scenes, the first film that comes to mind is *Caligula*. Those orgy scenes are hot!”





SEE MORE OF SARAH AT **PENTHOUSE.COM**.

CARNAL KNOWLEDGE

Whether you're looking for tips to improve your performance between the sheets, answers to a question or two, or help with an issue you can't take to even your most trusted friend, our expert can help. It's time to get schooled.

By Martin Downs, MPH



REDRUM

I wonder how much truth there is to the myth of “black widow” wives, who kill their husbands for money or revenge. How common or rare is it for wives to murder their husbands?

National homicide statistics published by the FBI show that wives are much more likely to be murdered by their husbands than the other way around. In 2012, the most recent annual statistics available, the ratio was about 5:1. That is, five wives were murdered by a husband to every one husband murdered by a wife.

If you don't like ratios, here are the raw numbers: In 2012, there were 498 murders of wives by husbands, and 96 murders of husbands by wives. That's the official body count for only one

year. A better answer may be found in a Bureau of Justice Statistics report published in 2011, which looked at homicide trends in the United States from 1980 to 2008.

In 1980, 931 wives were murdered by husbands, and 645 husbands were murdered by wives—a ratio of roughly 3:2. Murder of husbands by wives became less common over the past three decades. In 1988, the ratio of wives to husbands murdered by a spouse was about 2:1. In 1998, the ratio was about 4:1, and in 2008, it was

up to 5:1.

What happened? It wasn't that husbands became more murderous. The average number of wives slain by husbands decreased by about 20 percent in each decade. But wives appear to have become less homicidal over time. The average number of husbands done in by wives fell by about 50 percent per decade.

Some armchair criminologists on the internet say it's because them danged feminists have painted men as big bad abusers, so juries are less

inclined to convict wives who knock off husbands. But the FBI statistics are based solely on police investigations—whodunit, according to the cops—not verdicts handed down in the courts.

Have husband-killers taken to more sneaky ways of killing, and gotten better at getting away with murder? There's no evidence to suggest that. Cunning "black widows" in movies typically try to stage the murder to look like an accident, or they use poison. Stats show that males are a little more likely than females to be victims of murder by poison. But males are also more likely than females to commit murder by poison, overall.

While I was looking at the poisoning statistics, I noticed another statistic, on the same page, that I think should settle any question of who's more likely to kill whom: Overall, four percent of all male homicide victims were killed by a spouse, compared with 24 percent of all female homicide victims. Let me put that another way, for emphasis: Nearly one-quarter of all females, of all ages, murdered in the United States over 38 years were killed by their husbands.

There is a stubborn idea out there, though, that these statistics won't put to rest. Some people believe that many wives don't murder husbands outright, but use subtle means to bleed the life out of them, in effect killing them. When put like that, it sounds silly, and when people on the internet try to make a serious argument for it being true, it comes off as fringe lunacy. But who hasn't heard of a man being "nagged to death" (or felt that way) and believed, deep down, that it's possible?

It's not true, and the evidence comes not from criminology, but from the field of public health. Married people in general tend to live longer than unmarried people. The kicker was a study that came out in 2006, which used data from a national health survey of tens of thousands of people in the United States. The study showed that unmarried men ages 19 to 44 were twice as likely to die compared to married men. Unmarried men ages 45 to 64 were about 62 percent more likely to die. Widowers who didn't remarry had a 39 percent greater risk of death, and divorced or separated men were 27 percent more likely to die.

There it is, guys: Avoid marriage at your own risk.



FOR HER

What's the scoop on "female Viagra"? I've heard a new pill for women's sexual problems got approval. What is it supposed to do? Does it make women want sex more, or does it help with some physical problem, like male erectile dysfunction?

The drug that everyone has been casually calling "female Viagra" doesn't have a brand name attached to it yet, and its generic name is flibanserin. It's not clear to me, or to many experts in the field of human sexuality, how flibanserin works, if it works, and what it works for. It's a chemical compound with properties similar to antidepressants. It is sup-

posed to improve or increase sexual desire in women who are lacking it.

Flibanserin is very much unlike Viagra in most if not all respects. Viagra and the erectile-dysfunction drugs in the same class target a chemical pathway that allows increased blood flow to the penis. Flibanserin somehow makes sexy thoughts and/or feelings easier to have for women who wish they could have sexier thoughts and/or feelings, I suppose. That's the best explanation I've got.

For about a decade now, the pharmaceutical industry has been on a quest to get a drug for female sexual dysfunction on the market. Another candidate drug called Intrinsa failed spectacularly just when it seemed poised for approval, in 2007. Flibanserin has been next in the queue since then.


At press time, the latest major development came in June, when a panel of experts advising the FDA voted in favor of approving flibanserin. The FDA's officially approving the drug for sale, if and when it comes, will not be the end of the story. There will be fireworks, and not necessarily in America's bedrooms.

The crucial evidence presented to the FDA panel was this: The clinical trials measured how many "satisfying sexual experiences" women had each month. At the outset, women in the study had an average of 2.7 satisfying sexual experiences per month. The monthly average number of such experiences reported by women taking flibanserin increased to 4.4. Women taking a placebo had an average of 3.7 satisfying sexual experiences per month.

So, compared to a placebo, the drug produced a benefit of 0.7 more satisfying sexual experiences per month. Yay!

Doubters and haters say that's not enough benefit to outweigh potential risks. There's a long list of side effects to go with flibanserin that I won't even get into here; you'll hear them at the end of every TV commercial for the drug, probably soon, if they're not already airing.

The question is, for how long will those spots run? Assuming approval is granted, will flibanserin fizzle, or will it kick off a new pharmaceutically enhanced fuckfest in America to make the debut of Viagra look like a limp windsock by comparison?

Hope for the best, expect the worst. 

CARNAL CARNIES

PENCILS BY JASON JOHNSON
INKS BY EDWIN ROSELL
COLORS BY JAMES ROCHELLE



I've been hooking up with Jeff, one of the carnival-ride operators, since I started working in a sideshow. I'm the sword swallower, and I usually stay at a motel in town, but sometimes I stay in Jeff's trailer. The trailer is great, but there are some awesome places to have sex on the fairgrounds.



For example, late last night, after the rest of the carnies had gone to town, Jeff turned on the merry-go-round just for me.



I love the music and the carousel horses, and...



... I love to have sex while we ride around in circles on the whimsical ride.

After we kissed, he climbed on behind me and started kissing my neck and fingering my pussy as we rode up and down.



Jeff pushed two fingers into my twat and stroked them in and out. With a little maneuvering, he hit my hot spot and I jumped at the pleasure of his touch.

He was still finger-fucking me when I heard the sound of a truck pulling into the fairgrounds. It had to be the groundskeepers. I couldn't risk getting caught and fired—there aren't many job openings for sword swallowers.







Jeff didn't finish when I did, but I kept pumping up and down in his lap until he came, a loud grunt signaling his release.



Jeff maneuvered me to sit on the horse properly, then sat behind me as we tried to catch our breath.



When we headed back to Jeff's trailer, the cleanup crew was picking up trash nearby. They gave us knowing looks, but didn't say anything about what they'd most likely witnessed.

Now Jeff wants to fuck me on every ride so he can give the guys a show "to motivate them." We agreed to try the haunted house next.

The end





VAMP

Our series of retrospective pictorials continues with a layout from November 2001 featuring Penthouse Pets Aimee Sweet and Kelle Marie.

A night angel appears from a fairy tale's pages, looking for chaste blood to feed her own power. "Come with me and you will see with vampire eyes," Aimee beckons to Kelle, holding open the door to her palace of desire. Kelle submits to the dark temptress. Breasts white as an orchid, pliant and pure, are offered up for hands to knead, lips to taste. The flavor of virtue teases Aimee's palate as she prepares to pierce Kelle's soft flesh. "Soon you will be mine," she purrs.

Photographs by Robert Gordon



Kelle must have a taste of the dark side. Hungrily, she laps at Aimee, her juice as essential as breath, the deep inferno of lust bubbling within her moist walls. "Don't be afraid," Aimee assures her. "Drink."





Her sacred space invaded and soaked with longing, Kelle arches her back, aching to be filled by the dark force of desire. The ambrosia between her legs is the gift of life that sustains Aimee's black heart.





Aimee is
anxious to
take the last
bite that will
make Kelle her
netherworld
bride... but
she doesn't
get the chance.
The midnight
mistress gasps
her last breath
of orgasm as
Kelle whispers
coyly, "Didn't
you know?
No woman is
innocent."



Undercover Lover

A hot tale from Letters to Penthouse XXXV: Please Me, Spank Me, published by Grand Central Publishing.



O

n the second night of a backpacking trip that my wife, Jean, and I took with my friend Luke, I woke up around two in the morning to the sound of voices.

"What about Ron?" I heard Luke whisper in the darkness.

"He's a sound sleeper," Jean whispered back. "Don't worry." Her whisper was so quiet that I thought at first she'd said, "Don't hurry," but

either way, it was clear what my friend and my wife were about to do. Somewhat to my surprise, I felt no anger. Actually, I'd seen this coming for some time. I'd noticed the way she looked at him, the way they laughed together, and I had even speculated about just how and when it would happen between them.

Jean's voice churned with desire and sexual urgency as they whispered together, and even though I couldn't see them, I enjoyed listening. The next sound I heard was the soft smack of

lips parting at the end of a kiss, and then came the unmistakable sound of sleeping-bag zippers being opened.

I wanted so much to see what Luke and my wife were doing, wanted to share with them the excitement of their newfound intimacy, but in the total darkness of the camp I had to rely on my imagination, which filled in the erotic picture perfectly. I was a little surprised that they would be so bold as to fuck on the camping pad right next to me, although that in itself was exciting beyond belief. I could feel the movement as Jean slid her body under Luke, and then the pad began to bounce as my friend entered my wife and started moving in and out of her eager pussy. I pictured the fullness of his cock as it pushed between her labia, imagined those puffy petals parting as he slid in. I envisioned her bending her knees, lifting her legs, and spreading her thighs to accommodate his entry.

The kissing sounds became more distinct, and their breathing grew louder as the movement continued. "Oh, yes!" I heard my wife whisper, her restraint almost forgotten, her excitement building. Her breathing turned to gasps as she neared orgasm, and when Luke began to grunt softly, I knew he was coming, too. *Fill her up, buddy*, I thought, as they both climaxed, suppressing their moans as best they could.

For some time all I could hear was their breathing as they recovered, and then they began to stir once again. It seemed they were moving into a sixty-nine, and this was confirmed when the soft slurping sounds of oral sex filled the air. I pictured Luke's cock in my wife's mouth, his tongue lapping at her sex, swiping between her labia and swirling around her clit. This went on for some minutes, until I heard Luke gasping again, and I knew Jean was taking his come down her throat.

I went back to sleep with visions of Luke fucking my wife. I said nothing about it the next day, and they gave no sign that anything had happened. In the afternoon, we took a hike to a small lake with a waterfall at one end, and as we had often done before, we went skinny-dipping in the clear, icy water. The cold water made Jean's nipples erect, and I kept watching Luke as he gazed at her, thinking of him fucking her the night before.

She did look sexy, standing there naked in the mountain pool, and I could certainly understand why any man would want to possess that body.

Tired from the hike and swimming, we turned in early that night. We had put up a couple of tents, but, as on the previous night, we chose to sleep on the large mat out under the stars. I saw Jean slip out of her panties before she climbed into her sleeping bag, and when I slipped my hand through the unzipped portion of her bag and slid my fingers between her legs, I found her bare and very wet pussy.

"Not with Luke right here," she whispered next to my ear as I began to finger her.

"I don't think he'd mind," I said, loudly enough for Luke to hear. "You won't mind if I make love to my wife, right, Luke?"

"Of course not," Luke said. But Jean was not pleased, and she made it clear that she was not about to go along, so I stopped. We chatted for a few minutes, but I knew they were waiting for me to go to sleep, so after a while I turned over and pretended to doze off.

Not 15 minutes later I heard those familiar kissing sounds, then the whispering, and finally the movement of their bodies as they positioned themselves. *Fuck her good, my friend*, I thought. They must have fucked for two hours, and I listened avidly to every minute, my cock throbbing until I thought it might explode all on its own.

Afterward I dropped off to sleep, but was awakened around three in the morning by a faint sound and some movement next to me. The full moon had now come up over the treetops, and by its light I could see my wife straddling Luke's pelvis, bouncing on his erection as he pushed it up into her. They went on like that for another half hour, and when she came she gave a stifled cry, quickly covering her mouth with her palm.

Both of them slept late the next morning. When they arose I made some comment about how the hike the day before must have tired them both out, and though Luke said nothing, I detected a blush on my wife's cheeks. That afternoon she and I fucked at the lake, while Luke fished by himself in a stream by the camp. I knew it was a mercy fuck, to keep me satisfied and dull any suspicions I might have had, but I didn't mind. We swam nude, and I fucked her in the shallow water at one end of the lake. As I pushed into her, I wondered how long it would take her and her lover to start fooling around that night.

This time, when we turned in, I

added a series of snores to my act as I pretended to fall asleep. Confident that I was truly out of it, Luke and Jean waited less than ten minutes before their movements told me they were at it again. Jean sounded more eager than ever, and now she seemed to lose all inhibitions, as though forgetting that I was right there next to them. Once again the moon was almost full, and I lay there with one eye half open, watching them have sex. Jean sat up over him as before, riding his hard dick totally naked, her head thrown back and her tits bouncing with each up-and-down movement. They

the lake and the surrounding woods.

It didn't take me long to spot my wife and my friend. Luke was standing on a rock at the edge of the lake, and Jean was standing knee-deep in the water, her head coming to just above his waist. From that distance I couldn't really make out what was going on, but when I put the binoculars to my eyes and adjusted them, I saw what I had expected to see. Luke was hard, his erection standing out from his body, and the tip of it was in my wife's mouth. They were both completely nude, and she was blowing him right there in broad daylight.



I could see my wife straddling Luke's pelvis, bouncing on his erection as he pushed it up into her.

hardly even attempted to muffle their sounds of passion as they came.

The next day I said I wanted to try my hand at fishing, figuring that the two of them would hike out to the lake by themselves. Which they did. Before they left camp, Jean took off her top and started out wearing only her tiny bikini bottom.

I fished for only a few minutes before starting out after them, as I had planned. I carried my binoculars with me and took the high trail along a ridge, which after about a mile led me to a spot near the head of the waterfall, where I had a good view of

I stood there watching my wife give Luke a blowjob, his cock moving in and out of her mouth, and I was fascinated to see how she worked over his tool, one hand holding the shaft while she took the tip between her lips, swabbing the end with her tongue, then lowering her head as she took most of it in, obviously lodging it at the back of her throat. I could see the sun shimmering off the large silver hoop earrings she wore, which swung back and forth as her head bobbed up and down over my friend's cock. Seeing that lovely face working over his hard-on gave me a

kind of pleasure I could never even have imagined.

After a while they traded places, with Jean standing on the rock and Luke kneeling before her and putting his face against her snatch. She put her hands on the back of his head and held him against her crotch, pulling him in as he licked and sucked at her pussy and clit.

Something about the familiarity of the way they went at each other suddenly made me think that this trip was not the first occasion on which the two of them had fucked each other, and I began to speculate about how long this had been going on. Had Luke left work early some days and stopped by our house so they could screw before I got home? Or maybe they met somewhere during the day, perhaps on his lunch hour. Did they rent a room, or fuck at his house? Each of those questions intrigued me more than it upset me. I watched them for nearly an hour, until they finally stretched out in the sun, depleted. Then I made my way back along the trail to the camp and resumed my fishing until they came back.

Late in the afternoon it started to rain, and it hadn't let up by bedtime. Since we couldn't sleep outside, we were forced to retire to our tents, Luke to his and Jean and me to ours. I knew my wife was disappointed that her chance to have Luke inside her for a fourth straight night had been taken away by Mother Nature.

We read for a while, and then we made love. I was moving slowly in and out of her, savoring the sensation of the inside of her pussy, which had so recently been visited by Luke's cock as well, when suddenly I stopped moving. With my cock still inside her, I raised myself on my elbows and looked down into her face, which I could see dimly by the low light of the camping lantern. "Listen, baby," I said to her. "Why don't you go over to Luke's tent?"

She stared up at me. For nearly a minute she didn't speak, studying my face, probably wondering if she'd heard correctly as the import of my suggestion sank in. "If you don't," I said finally, "it will be your first night without him this week."

Jean's eyes went wide. "You—you know?" she stammered out.

I simply nodded, then smiled at her and kissed her. "I was awake each time," I told her softly. "I heard the two of you. I even saw you—some of the time, anyway."



I lay there watching them, Jean riding his hard dick, her head thrown back and her tits bouncing with each movement.

"And ... and you don't hate me?" she asked.

I shook my head. "Oh, at first I may have felt a little jealous," I admitted. "But I felt good about it, too. Even excited. After all, the two of you are my best friends. It's only natural that my best friends have strong feelings for each other. Besides," I went on, "you were enjoying yourself so much. That was obvious."

Jean smiled tremulously then, and nodded. "I was," she whispered. "I love having Luke inside me."

"I know," I said. "With the full moon the other night, I could see you on top of him, fucking him. It was the most erotic thing I've ever seen. He's bigger than me, isn't he?"

"A little, I guess," she admitted.

"A lot," I said. "And it's better that way, isn't it?"

She shook her head. "Not better," she said. "Just different. Can you understand that?"


For an answer I kissed her again. "Go to Luke," I urged her. "You know he's lying over there thinking about you. Go on and fuck him, suck him, do whatever you want. And tell him I sent you. Tell him I know about it, and I'm okay with it."

Jean hesitated for just a few moments, but finally she kissed me and got up. Without bothering to put anything on, she slipped out of there and ran the few feet through the rain to Luke's tent.

It was close enough that I could hear the sound of their voices,

though I couldn't make out what they were saying. I heard a sound of surprise from Luke, and Jean saying something. They spoke back and forth for a while, and then there was silence. And then I heard the familiar sounds of their lovemaking, the gasps, the moans, the loud panting, gradually accelerating until they climaxed together. I smiled to myself in the dark tent and finally drifted off to sleep.

Luke and Jean must have made love for most of the night, because they both slept until nearly eleven the next morning. Luke came out of his tent first, and he and I walked down to the lake, talking about the situation and about how we would handle it. I told him I understood how it could happen, and that not only didn't I mind, but I hoped their lovemaking would not end now that I had found out. I also assured him this would make no difference to our friendship.

That was two summers ago, and right now Jean and Luke are camping together in the Rockies. The three of us have a wonderful and loving relationship, and now, rather than the two of them sneaking around and doing it in the dark, we often spend the night together, and they leave the lights on in the bedroom so I can watch them fucking. Sometimes Luke and I both fuck my wife at once. We are all very happy with this arrangement, and now we are even thinking of bringing in other people. I'll let you know how that works out.—
R.C., Oregon 

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The Slutty Pumpkin

I love the "slutty pumpkin" episodes of *How I Met Your Mother*, so last Halloween I created my own slutty-pumpkin costume. I embellished a cropped, low-cut tank and skimpy miniskirt, then paired them with a garter belt and stockings. Plus fuck-me pumps, of course. I don't usually wear provocative clothing and felt a little nervous about it, so I added a small mask that covered the top of my face. I shook off my jitters and walked into my friend's party like a diva.

I grabbed a cocktail from the bar and started to mingle, but very quickly I found myself dealing with a lot more male attention than I'm used to. In fact, I almost laughed when a superhot guy I'd seen several times at the coffee shop where I work started hitting on me hard. I'd been lusting after him for weeks, but he'd never given me a second glance before.

The fact that my normal look did nothing for him made me feel no guilt about picking him for a quick pump and dump.

We talked for a bit, and it became obvious in no time that Phil was not the brightest bulb in the box. Good thing I was only interested in his body! I slid my hand down his leg and then up to his crotch. To my surprise, his cock was already hard. I wanted to excite him even more, so I rubbed his hard-on, feeling myself getting excited as well. My pussy was dripping, and I really wanted his dick inside me.

We ducked into one of the bedrooms and locked the door, then I undressed him, pulling off the scrubs and mask that made up his kinda lame doctor costume. His physique did not disappoint. He had broad shoulders, gorgeous pecs and abs, and thighs made for hard pumping below an impressive and still-erect dick.

I got even wetter thinking about sucking on it and making him lose control. Deciding I wasn't going to let him know who I was at all, I kept on my mask and costume and took him deep into my mouth. After I pulled back, I began sucking on him in earnest, hoping he'd come in my mouth.

He stopped me after only a few minutes and started to take off my top. I told him I had to do it so I could get my mask back in place, and that the garter belt, stockings, shoes, and mask had to stay on. He laughed a

He grabbed my hips and thrust into me, sliding in easily. Then he fucked me hard. I reached between us to play with my clit as he drilled me.

little, then said as long as he could "get to the goods" he didn't care what I wore. I reached under my skirt, untied the sides of my panties, lay back on the bed, and told him the goods were ready and waiting.

Phil spread my legs, leaned in, took my clit in his mouth, and began sucking and licking. He put two fingers into my pussy and fingered me at the same time that he ate me, and when he hit my G spot, I went through the roof. After that explosive climax, I begged, "Fuck me! I want you to fuck me!"

He put on a condom faster than

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I'd ever seen, grabbed my hips, and thrust his cock into me, sliding in easily because I was so wet. Then he fucked me hard. I reached between us to play with my clit as he drilled me, until I couldn't hold back any longer. I moaned, "I'm coming!"

Phil kept pumping until he came, groaning loudly as his dick pulsed jets of jizz into the rubber. While he was in the bathroom getting rid of the condom, I put on my top, fixed my mask again, and pulled down my skirt. I left him with just my first name. I felt him watching me for the rest of the party and wondered if he would ever figure out that I was the barista.

That question was answered the next time I went to work. He'd come into the coffee shop and left a note asking me to meet him for a drink that Friday night. It said I should wear my garter belt and stockings, but leave the mask at home.—*S.G., New Mexico*

Roommate Hookup

Kevin joined me in the living room and we watched a movie I'd rented. As we watched, we unconsciously moved closer to each other, and before the movie was over we were making out. Again.



She got busy licking, sucking, and biting one nipple while she pulled on the other. My pussy twitched excitedly.

In no time we were horizontal on the couch, our clothing discarded and Kevin on top of me, slipping his fingers between the wet folds of my cunt. I climaxed quickly, in just a few minutes, and when his fingers delved deeper I was sure I'd come again soon. I was right. Not two minutes later, I was shrieking with ecstasy from a second orgasm.

When Kevin finally slid into me, I was overwhelmed with pleasure. He always seemed to know instinctively how to please me. He stroked in and out, shallow at first, then deeper, then alternating between the two. With each stroke I felt my body shiver with excitement. Soon I had my legs wrapped around his waist and I was raising my hips to meet his thrusts.

We kept at it until we both came, and it was explosive. Kevin climaxed just after I did, my juices flowing out around his cock as he shot into me. After we caught our breath, we both laughed at how we had no interest in dating, but still we kept fucking each other. As far as I'm concerned, there are worse ways to bond with a roommate.—*M.O., Florida*

Cosplay Cutie

Recently I went to a comic-book convention, and the eye candy was amazing. Everywhere I looked, I saw hot chicks in tight, scanty outfits looking adorable or sexy—or both. There were Slave-Girl Leias, superheroes, *Walking Dead*-style zombie killers, and so much more. I'd never seen anything like it, nor felt so out of place in a cute top and jeans, but I had a great time checking it all out.

When the evening ended, I went to the almost-empty bar at my hotel and found the hottest cosplay chick of all: a bartender who was a dead ringer for Scarlett Johansson's Black Widow. We talked for a while, and I quickly realized that she was mine for the taking. And take I would!

My pussy got wet as I sat at the bar, waiting to get into Alyssa's pants. I wondered what her pussy looked like,



if she was clean-shaven, what she would taste like, how sensitive her clit was. The more I thought about it, the more aroused I became, and soon I was more than ready for her to get off work ... and to get me off.

Finally, Alyssa's shift ended and she joined me, leading me out of the bar. We laughed as we walked to the elevators and headed up to my room. I told her how turned-on I was just from watching her work. She stopped walking and pulled me to her, leaning in for a fiery kiss.

When we were in my room, I pushed her against the door and ravaged her mouth, our breasts pressing together and our hips grinding. I felt her hard nipples rub against mine, and it made me even hotter.

Alyssa was even more impatient than I was, and she had me down to my panties in no time. She got busy licking, sucking, and biting one nipple while her fingers pulled on the other, and I felt my pussy twitch excitedly.

I pushed Alyssa away long enough to get her out of her skintight catsuit. She wasn't wearing anything underneath, and when I saw her pussy I

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dropped to my knees, pushed her legs apart, and stuck my head between her thighs to eat her out. My face was getting sticky with her juices, and when she started to thrust against me, I knew she was close. I threw myself into the task, lapping at her pussy voraciously and nipping at her clit every now and then until she came.

Alyssa sucked her juices from my lips before pushing me onto my back and crawling between my legs. "Your turn," she drawled as she dove into my cunt, licking at me greedily.

Her talented tongue played between my pussy lips for a long time, licking up one side and then the other, back and forth, making me come from only the light flicks. I was barely through my first orgasm when she started again, this time paying more attention to my clit. A minute later I came hard, screaming as I climaxed.

We spent the rest of the night fingering, fucking, and sucking each other to multiple climaxes, and I can honestly say I've never had a better sexual experience.—C.B., *Washington*

His Ex Is Extraordinary

Emma and I called it quits a few months ago. Things ended explosively, after fights about trust issues, finances, and where our future was headed. I wanted to ride the wave, but she wanted me to put a ring on it. My casual attitude made her suspect that I was sticking my dick in every pussy in town. I couldn't take the accusations anymore, especially since my dick had belonged to only her.

Since then, Emma has been hanging around and trying to make amends, and it's probably no accident that this has been making it hard for me to find new pussy. No matter where I go, Emma happens to show up, cock-blocking me. She was even at the damn supermarket while I was shopping. Finally, when she showed up at my apartment complex, walking her pooch through the dog run, I told her she was making it impossible for me to get laid. She smirked at me, said she was only going for hard, not impossible, and made it clear

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Emma leaned over and spread her legs wide. With one swift thrust I was in.



she was down to fuck. I invited both bitches inside.

As soon as the door closed, Emma pounced on me, dry humping me while sticking her tongue down my throat. It didn't take too long for my dick to get stiff. I ripped off her shirt and bra in a horny frenzy. Her tits have always been magnificent, bouncy and overfilling my hands. I went to town on them while I opened her pants and pushed them down, along with her panties. Had she hit the gym lately? Her body was even tighter and more defined than ever.

While Emma's dog eyed me in pure disgust—the thing had never liked me—I pushed gently on Emma's shoulders, till she was kneeling in front of me. "How much do you want to make up with me, Em? Why don't you show me how sorry you are?"

Emma wasted no time taking my cock in her mouth, getting me nice and wet. Then she reached back to play with my balls as she delivered the best blowjob she'd ever given me. It wasn't long before I shot my load down her throat, and Emma swallowed every drop, looking up at me with a proud smile.

I stepped out of my pants and boxer briefs as Emma leaned over the back of the couch and spread her legs wide. I'd always been more into fucking her from behind than she was, so I took this as further proof that she was going out of her way to get me back. That worked for me!

With one swift thrust I was inside her drenched pussy. I pumped her with a speedy but urgent pace. "Fuck me hard, Shane!" Emma demanded as her tits shook and her pussy pulsed. I obliged, pulling out so I could spray my load all over her body.

We lay down on the couch in a sex-induced coma and dozed off for a while. Then Emma got up to take a shower to clean off my massive come spill. I joined her, and lathered some soap on her hot tits, pussy, and ass. I loved watching the water cascade off her sexy body. She stroked my cock, once again unloading my balls. As my come washed away down the drain, she whispered, "If you tell me you're taking me back, I'll take you in my back."

I answered by picking her up, carrying her to my bed, and grabbing the bottle of lube.—S.C., Wisconsin

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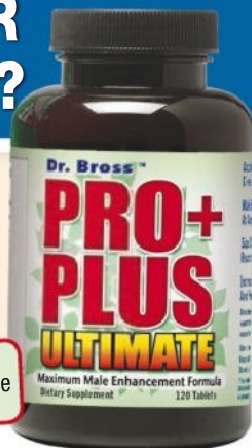


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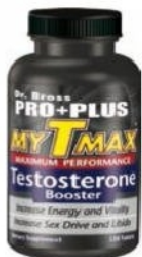
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DANA DELANY



One of our favorite bombshells returns to TV this month in the Amazon original series *Hand of God*.

Dana Delany hit the small-screen big time with her starring role in *China Beach* (1988–91), which earned her two Emmy Awards for Best Actress. And while she's no doubt best known for her work on various TV series—including the prime-time soaps *Pasadena* (2001–02) and *Desperate Housewives* (2007–10), and the dramas *Presidio Med* (2002–03), *Kidnapped* (2006–07), and *Body of Proof* (2011–13), not to mention voice-over work on several animated projects—we'll always most fondly remember her as Mistress Lisa in the feature film *Exit to Eden* (1994). It's hard to remember now that, at the time, Delany had reason to say of the role, "I've always been cast as the girl next door because of anatomy—the round face and round body. Now I get to express another side of me." We couldn't be more grateful she had the chance. **OTW**

will she?™

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THE NIGHTMARE BEFORE CHRISTMAS

Cuckoo Clock

On the hour, Zero emerges to the beloved song from Danny Elfman's brilliant score, "This is Halloween"



It Lights Up

Brilliant LED lights illuminate the tower, ghosts, and pumpkins and feature a separate on/off switch

A Grand 21 inches high!

The brass-toned pendulum is decorated with the iconic hill and decorative hanging pine cone weights feature Shock and Barrel clinging to them

Shown much smaller than actual size of about 21in. H. (including weights)
Requires 3 "AAA" and 1 "AA" batteries (not included).

- Fully-sculpted clock features Jack Skellington, Sally, Lock, Shock and Barrel, Jack's tower and the Town Hall
- The clock face features the replica spider web design and slightly off-kilter numbers
- Issued in a limited edition of 295 crafting days; accompanied by a Certificate of Authenticity

Not sold in stores

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Disney
TIM BURTON'S
THE NIGHTMARE BEFORE CHRISTMAS
Cuckoo Clock

**"Boys and girls of every age
Wouldn't you like to see something strange?"**

Tim Burton and Disney certainly thought you might when they created the masterpiece *The Nightmare Before Christmas*, and for 20 years audiences have been clamoring for more. Now, an all-new treasure captures the spectacular spookiness of this family favorite in the officially licensed *The Nightmare Before Christmas* Cuckoo Clock, proudly presented by The Bradford Exchange.

Lights... music....motion!

Towering a grand 21 inches high, this sculptural first of its kind features hand-painted elements in vivid, nightmarish colors. At the flip of a switch, the windows of Jack's Tower, the ghosts, and pumpkins illuminate with glowing light for perfectly spooky ambience.

And what would any tribute to *The Nightmare Before Christmas* be without its famous music? Instead of a traditional cuckoo on the hour, this clock plays "This is Halloween" while Zero pops in and out of the doors atop the Town Hall.

The clock is powered by a precision quartz movement and features an embellished clock face complete with spider web design. A swinging brass-toned pendulum is decorated with the Halloween Town Spiral Hill. Decorative pine cone weights hang below, with Shock and Barrel clinging to them!

Your satisfaction is guaranteed

This one-of-its-kind timepiece is custom crafted in a limited edition and strong demand is expected. So act now to acquire the *The Nightmare Before Christmas* Cuckoo Clock at its issue price, payable in four monthly installments of \$49.99 each, for a total of \$199.95*. Your purchase is risk-free, backed by our 365-day guarantee. Send no money now. Just mail the Reservation Application today!

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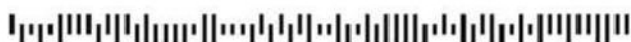
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Fully-sculpted
clock features
Jack Skellington,
Sally, Lock,
Shock and
Barrel, Jack's
tower and the
Town Hall

It Lights Up



Jack's Tower, the pumpkins, and ghosts are brilliantly illuminated with LED lights within, either on the hour, or with a switch so you can control the lighting.

Over, please ...